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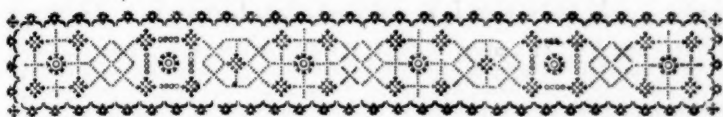
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THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY, FOR AUGUST, 1774.

The SCRIBBLER, Number IX.

Darkness, and solitude, and sighs, and tears,
And all th' inseparable train of grief
Attend my steps for ever.

DRYDEN.

To the SCRIBBLER.

SIR,

What the world says be true, you are endeavouring to effect a reformation in the minds of men, and to bring about a total change of manners in the nation. Depend upon it, Sir, you have begun a difficult task. The world is daily growing worse; and while you are aiming to amend one part of them, the rest, I fear, are growing rotten and decayed. The catalogue of vices increases with uncommon haste, and a general corruption of morals is so much complained of, that by and by we shall scarcely have a man of real principle among us.

I have, in my time, Sir, suffered much from the villainy of mankind. My father died when I was very young, and left my mother a fortune full sufficient to maintain herself and me genteelly. A friend of his was appointed guardian to me, and for some years discharged his trust with fidelity; but avarice at length got possession of his heart, and his only object then was to deprive me of my right. He found out means to deceive my mother, and by artifices which I was then unacquainted with, brought her in considerably his debtor for the care he had taken of me. Women, Mr. Scribbler, are generally the objects marked out by these de-

signing villains. My mother was a calm, good-natured woman, and knowing that much was to be feared from the intricacy of the law, gave the wretch his full demand.

At fourteen years of age I was put out to business, and this careful Guardian of mine again prevailed upon my mother to deposit the apprentice fee, which had before been reserved for him to pay; but pretending only to borrow the money of her, he gained his purpose; and thus he tricked her out of 30l. When I came of age, he was to pay me near 300l. left by my father, by way of assisting me to begin business for myself; but before that time, he took care to abscond, and went over to France, leaving his creditors to take 3s. 4d. in the pound. Small difficulties, however, did not frighten me; and as I had health and a good constitution on my side, I got into a haberdasher's shop in London, where, as a journeyman, I saved a little money, which was increased by presents occasionally made me. Mr. Tape, my master, approved of my assiduity, and at the end of about four years took me into partnership.

Soon after this a young fellow, just entering into business, persuaded me to lend him 300l. He gave me his bond; but finding his affairs go the wrong way, gave

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a judgment bond to another, and I received only 65*l.* for my 300*l.* This being lent on my own account, was a great inconvenience to me: but the profits of business that year being tolerably good, I soon forgot it; and just as I had begun to think well of the world again, I was applied to by an ironmonger in my own street to be his security for 1280*l.* Mr. Bright made a very good appearance in the world; was denominated a *good man* in the city---and I therefore gave my bond for the sum. In six months I felt the consequence: Mr. Bright had been speculating in matters not belonging to his own trade, and turning out a bankrupt on the world, I was obliged to pay the 1280*l.*

Having thus smarted for my easiness of disposition, I determined to meddle no more with the affairs of other people, but leave themselves to pay the debts they might contract in future; I doubled my assiduity in business, and had no reason to be dissatisfied with my condition, but was thankful to the Almighty for having prospered my endeavours. The business increased every year, and my life was all serenity and content, till my heart fell a sacrifice to Love.

A young lady, of the name of DOWNES, frequently visited at Mr. TAPE's; and as I lived in the same house, I partook of all their amusements. Miss Downes was gay and sprightly, had a manner extremely engaging, and was as sensible as most of her sex. I soon entertained a partiality for this lady, and failed not to declare my sentiments to her. She approved of my addresses, and in a few months we were married.

If I was before *content*, I was now more than doubly *happy*. My Eliza was the source of daily happiness, and with her I experienced every bliss my heart could wish. Five years passed of this delightful life, and then, as if I had been raised but to increase my fall, I sunk into the very depth of misery.

My wife, it seems, had a brother who was a Lieutenant in a regiment of foot abroad, and a brother officer of his coming to England on selling his commission, Capt. Downes took the opportunity of sending by him some letters to his friends. I had known Capt. Downes before he went abroad, and was much pleased at hearing of him from one of his intimate companions. I received Mr. Archer as my brother's friend, and treated him as genteelly as my circumstances would admit of. But alas! Mr. Scribbler, I did

not know that I was cherishing a viper in my bosom, and that the peace of myself and family were going to be sacrificed to the villainy of this abandoned wretch.

It was not long ere he noticed the accomplishments of my dear Eliza. He was assiduous to please her, and tried every art of which he was master, to be thought well of by her. Oft would he entertain her with the adventures of her brother, and by commending *him*, he stole insensibly, as it were, into *her* favour. My business at that time obliged me to take a journey into Somersetshire; and he, well versed in the arts of intrigue and fraud, went to his friends in the country a few days before my departure; hence I could have no suspicion; and when my business was finished, I returned to London full of hope, and of ideal pleasure. But when I came home---Good Heaven! what were my feelings! I found the wretch had taken advantage of my absence, and after long and vain intreaties, had found means to effect that by violence, which artifice could not procure.

But not to dwell on the dreadful scene, I shall only tell you that I found my wife distracted with agony, with grief, and shame. I would that instant have pursued the infamous villain, and dragged him to the punishment his crime deserved; but I was unable to tear myself from the dear object of my affections: I hung over her bed---I wept, I sobbed, and groaned by turns, and day after day passed in sleepless agony,---in sorrow for myself, and compassion for my unhappy wife. Her senses had almost wholly left her; she knew me not but for a moment, and then relapsed into a delirium again,---calling upon heaven---on me---and her undoer.

Nature at length was wearied out---and the Almighty, sparing her a serious, reflecting moment, she died resigned and penitent. I immediately made over my business to another, and determined to seek the villain who had injured me,---who, as I was soon informed, set sail for Holland some days before. I followed him directly, and trusted to the justice of my cause for bringing him to punishment. From Holland I traced him to Flanders, and thence to Spain; where I found him waiting at Cadiz for a vessel to some other port. It was evening when I saw him, and he observed me ere I reached him; he prepared himself therefore to meet me, and when I approached him, he suddenly drew a pistol from his pocket, and wounded me in the breast. I fell to the ground, and before I could call out, the fellow escaped.

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escaped, and I saw him no more. He had lodged a brace of balls just under my shoulder, and my wounds preventing me from following him any farther, I made what haste home I could, where I took a small retreat in the country, and resolved to have no further intercourse with a world, where no man is free from perfidy, deceit, and fraud.

I am, SIR,
Your humble servant,
INFELIX.

[That the world is generally corrupt, no man will deny: every day's experience convinces us of its wickedness. Whoever reads the story of this unhappy gentle-

man, will, if possessed of any sensibility, sincerely sympathize in those afflictions which seem to have fallen upon him with united force. But what foresight can guard against them, or who can say that he is safe from the depredations of the wicked? There will ever be a class of villains in the world, who prey on the weakness or good-nature of others, and who live by insuay and deceit. Reason to such men is as words to the wind; but Justice will one day summon them to their tribunal; or, should they close their dissolute lives unpunished, there yet remains a time when they will receive the punishment due to their profligate and abandoned crimes.

For the MISCELLANY.

AN ESSAY ON

The ILLIBERALITY of ridiculing NATURAL IMPERFECTIONS.

Happy the man, who, taught by others woe,
Avoids the rock from whence their sorrows flow;
Nor with untimely jests insults the fool,
Or holds his weakness forth to ridicule.

THE uncommon illiberal reception which natural intellectual weaknesses receive from mankind, at the same time that an artificial inconsistency of behaviour, however glaring, however hurtful to society, receives encouragement and approbation—altho' the former may arise from an utter impossibility in the party to act more rational, and the latter is entirely dependent on the whim of the possessor, has been frequent matter of serious consideration to me; nor could I reflect on, much less behold, the behaviour of conceited superiority towards humble merit, without shedding a tear of pity for the latter, at the same time that I vented sentiments full of contempt, full of disgust, towards the former; who probably having found the weak side of the object of his ridicule, was insulting a man, in every other accomplishment greatly his superior.

Taking a walk sometime since towards Hampstead, I passed one of that class of the human species, of whom it is difficult to say whether they are happy or miserable; possessed of but weak intellects, she gave way to the gew-gaws of superfluous finery, in the choice of which she was so inconsistent, as to excite the particular attention of numerous beholders. Amongst the giddy wretches who laughed at and ridiculed her, a gay, fluttering fop, whose

whole attention had been *seemingly* expended in the etiquette of his dress, tossed up his nose, unconscious of the mirror before his eyes, exclaiming, "What an awkward piece of affectation; it almost spoils my stomach for dress!" Pity but reflection had sunk deep enough into his heart to produce such a resolution in good earnest: but a giggling piece of coquetry by his side soon defaced the slight impression, with a significant shrug and self-important air, pointing out "the *perdidious* weakness of that mind, which could be sed and supported by such egregious inconsistencies." A wit endeavouring at an indirect rally on her preposterous taste, she stopped his mouth, by advising him "to retrench the wild and superfluous shoots of fancy, which too frequently held him forth a pupil of Indiscretion and Inconsistency." I could not but smile at the justness of the remark, which on my return home influenced the following reflections:

How much more rationally doth such a striking appearance of *ideots* fill the mind with serious than gay sensations? On taking a view of mankind, we shall see that this woman's inconsistency of dress is more forcible in this only point, than it is more singular than those of others.

The star and garter, unaccompanied by real merit, is no less so! and where is the

consistency of a full-bottom wig covering a shallow pate and weak judgment.—Whilst *Pedantry* delights in the gaudy scraps of learning, neglecting other necessary accomplishments—the Coxcomb fixes his whole attention on his *dear* person, careless of the cultivating in his mind an useful knowledge.

Attend mankind thro' the various pursuits of the day; now prostrate at the throne of grace, and giving due adoration to their divine parent—now entering a stew, and in licentious conversation defying his omnipotence; this moment paying the last penny on principles of humanity,—and the next moment destroying the peace and reputation of an harmless, unconscious innocent, merely to gratify a predominant passion; this hour bawling for freedom in the senate,—the next hour exercising every species of tyranny over his domestics; to-day building charities for one kind of objects,—to-morrow proving base instruments for other charitable institutions; some, whilst their hand is giving relief towards bodily infirmities,—with their tongue prodigally load an innocent reputation with the severest, incancellable blemishes.

These, and a thousand other instances, may be produced, to shew the inconsistency of mankind in general, and that their minds are more frequently won by the *showy gew-gaws*, than more substantial ornaments of virtue; at the same time it may be easily proved, that, from the many injurious effects of their indiscretions, they are, many of them, more deserving of contempt, than this poor idiot was of ridicule. *Wisdom* and *Folly* are estimated in a much nicer balance than mankind are in general aware of; the former consists not so much in the *strength* as *management* of our mental faculties; and the latter is

more frequently an abuse than weakness thereof.

SUPERCILIUS finished his education at one of the Universities, and then entered on the world in a respectable profession; his mental powers are such, as by a proper use might have raised him to the highest esteem in the breasts of his acquaintance; but the advantages which he should have gained from a liberal education, are lost in a narrowness of sentiment; hence, whilst his proud, haughty, imperious temper is continually breaking out, and exposing him, a dogmatic air of consequence renders him odious to all who know him. He never starts a subject, but merely to prove his superior abilities, or to baffle and expose the weakness of some individual; and he takes more delight in rendering a man the sport of his acquaintance, than giving him friendly aid.

HILARIS is free, open, and of a generous sentiment; easy of access, and ready to serve those who need his assistance.—He cultivates that share of understanding which heaven has bestowed on him, by a due attention to men and manners; sensible of his own defects, he strives rather to hide than expose the weakness of others, and with modest good-nature assists the conversation of such as are at a loss to deliver their sentiments; 'tis true he cannot boast so liberal an education as the former; his conversation is not on that account less agreeable, tho' more confined, since his elucidations of any topic are more concise, and as he uses only words whose meaning he is properly acquainted with, nor lets his conversation exceed the bounds of his knowledge, his company is courted, and himself respected by all who know him.

BENEVOLUS.

Chapter Coffee-house, London.

***** The FOUNDATION of CONTENT;

A Beautiful ALLEGORY.

OMAR, the hermit of the mountain Aubukabis, which rises on the east of Mecca, and overlooks the city, found one evening a man sitting pensive and alone, within a few paces of his cell.—Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated: the man also seemed to gaze selflessly on Omar; but such was the abstraction of his mind, that his eye did not

immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection he started as from a dream; he covered his face in confusion, and bowed himself to the ground. "Son of affliction, (said Omar) who art thou, and what is thy distress?" "My name (replied the stranger) is Hassan, and I am a native of this city: the angel of adversity has laid his hand upon me, and the wretch whom thine eye compassionates thou canst not deliver." "To deliver thee

these (said Omar) belongs to Him only, from whom we should receive with humility both good and evil: yet hide not thy life from me; for the burthen which I cannot remove, I may at least enable thee to sustain." Hassan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained some time silent; then fetching a deep sigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his request:

"It is now six years since our mighty lord the Caliph Almalic (whose memory be blessed) first came privately to worship in the temple of the holy city. The blessing which he petitioned of the prophet, as the prophet's viceregent, he was diligent to dispense: in the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city, relieving distress, and restraining oppression: the widow smiled under his protection, and the weakness of age and infancy was sustained by his bounty. I, who dreaded no evil but sickness, and expected no good beyond the reward of my labour, was singing at my work, when Almalic entered my dwelling. He looked round with a smile of complacency; perceiving that though it was mean it was neat, and that though I was poor, I appeared to be content. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I hastened to receive him with such hospitality as was in my power; and my cheerfulness was rather increased than restrained by his presence. After he had accepted some coffee, he asked me many questions; and though by my answers I always endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with a placid but fixed attention. I suspected that he had some knowledge of me, and therefore enquired his country and his name. —

'Hassan (said he) I have raised thy curiosity, and it shall be satisfied; he who now talks with thee is Almalic, the sovereign of the faithful, whose seat is the throne of Medina, and whose commission is from above.' These words struck me dumb with astonishment, though I had some doubt of their truth: but Almalic, throwing back his garment, discovered the peculiarity of his vest, and put the signet upon his finger. I then started up, and was about to prostrate myself before him, but he prevented me: 'Hassan (said he) forbear; thou art greater than I, and from thee I have at once derived humility and wisdom.' I answered, "Mock not thy servant, who is as a worm before thee: life and death are in thy hand, and happiness and misery are the daughters of thy will." 'Hassan,

(he replied) I can no otherwise give life and happiness, than by not taking them away: thou art thyself beyond the reach of my bounty, and possessed of felicity which I can neither communicate nor obtain. My influence over others fills my bosom with perpetual solicitude and anxiety; and yet my influence over others extends only to their vices, whether I would reward or punish. By the bowstring, I can repress violence and fraud; and by the delegation of power, I can transfer the insatiable wishes of avarice and ambition from one object to another; but with respect to virtue, I am impotent: if I could reward it, I would reward it in thee. Thou art content, and hast therefore neither avarice nor ambition: to exalt thee, would destroy the simplicity of thy life, and diminish that happiness which I have no power either to increase or to continue.'

He then rose up, and commanding me not to disclose his secret, departed.

As soon as I recovered from the confusion and astonishment in which the Caliph left me, I began to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his bounty; and accused that cheerfulness of folly, which was the concomitant of poverty and labour. I now repined at the obscurity of my station, that my former insensibility had perpetuated: I neglected my labour, because I despised the reward; I spent the day in idleness, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had lost; and at night, instead of losing myself in that sweet and refreshing sleep, from which I used to rise with new health, cheerfulness, and vigour, I dreamt of splendid habits and a numerous retinue, of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and women, and waked only to regret the illusions that had vanished. My health was at length impaired by the inquietude of my mind; I sold all my moveables for subsistence; and reserved only a mattress, upon which I sometimes lay from one night to another.

In the first moon of the following year, the Caliph came again to Mecca, with the same secrecy, and for the same purposes. He was willing once more to see the man, whom he considered as deriving felicity from himself. But he found me, not singing at my work, ruddy with health, and vivid with cheerfulness; but pale and dejected, sitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which contributed to substitute the phantoms of imagination for the realities of greatness. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience in his countenance,

tenance, which, the moment he beheld me, was changed to a mixture of wonder and pity. I had often wished for another opportunity to address the Caliph; yet I was confounded at his presence, and throwing myself at his feet, I laid my hand upon my head, and was speechless. 'Hassan (said he) what canst thou have lost, whose wealth was the labour of thine own hand; and what can have made thee sad, the spring of whose joy was in thy own bosom? What evil hath befallen thee? Speak, and if I can remove it, thou art happy.' I was now encouraged to look up, and I replied, "Let my lord forgive the presumption of his servant, who rather than utter a falsehood, would be dumb for ever. I am become wretched by the loss of that which I never possessed: thou hast raised wishes, which indeed I am not worthy thou shouldst satisfy; but why should it be thought, that he who was happy in obscurity and indigence, would not have been rendered more happy by eminence and wealth?"

When I had finished this speech, Almalic stood some moments in suspense, and I continued prostrate before him. 'Hassan (said he) I perceive, not with indignation, but regret, that I mistook thy character; I now discover avarice and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid only because their objects were too remote to rouse them. I cannot therefore invest thee with authority, because I would not subject my people to oppression, and because I would not be compelled to punish thee for crimes which I first enabled thee to commit. But as I have taken from thee that which I cannot restore, I will at least gratify the wishes that I excited, lest thy heart accuse me of injustice, and thou continue still a stranger to thyself. Arise, therefore, and follow me.'

I sprang from the ground as it were with the wings of an eagle; I kissed the hem of his garment in an extasy of gratitude and joy; and when I went out of my house, my heart leaped as if I had escaped from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the caravansera in which he lodged; and after he had fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina.--- He gave me an apartment in the Seraglio; I was attended by his own servants; my provisions were sent from his own table; I received every week a sum from his treasury, which exceeded the most romantic of my expectations. But I soon discovered, that no dainty was so tasteful as the food to which labour procured an appetite; no slumbers so sweet, as those

which weariness invited; and no time so well enjoyed, as that in which diligence is expecting its reward. I remembered these enjoyments with regret; and while I was sighing in the midst of superfluities, which, tho' they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were suddenly taken away.

Almalic, in the midst of the glory of his kingdom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired suddenly in the bath: such, thou knowest, was the destiny which the Almighty had written upon his head.

His son Abubekir, who succeeded to the throne, was incensed against me, by some who regarded me at once with contempt and envy; he suddenly withdrew my pension, and commanded that I should be expelled the palace; a command which my enemies executed with so much rigour, that within twelve hours I found myself in the streets of Medina, indigent and friendless, exposed to hunger and derision, with all the habits of luxury, and sensibility of pride. O! let not thy heart despise me, thou whom experience has not taught, that it is misery to lose that which it is not happiness to possess. O! that for me, this lesson had not been written on the tablets of Providence! I have travelled from Medina to Mecca; but I cannot fly from myself. How different are the states in which I have been placed! The remembrance of both is bitter; for the pleasures of neither can return.----- Hassan having thus ended his story, smote his hands together; and looking upward, burst into tears.

Omar, having waited till this agony was past, went to him, and taking him by the hand, "My son, (said he) more is yet in thy power than Almalic could give, or Abubekir take away. The lesson of thy life the prophet has in mercy appointed me to explain.

"Thou wast once content with poverty and labour, only because they were become habitual to thee, and ease and affluence were placed beyond thy hope; for when ease and affluence approached thee, thou wast content with poverty and labour no more. That which then became the object, was also the bound of thine hope; and he, whose utmost hope is disappointed, must inevitably be wretched. If thy supreme desire had been the delights of paradise, thou wouldest not have regretted that less was not offered. The content which was once enjoyed, was but the lethargy of the soul; and the distress which is now suffered, will but quicken it to action. Depart, therefore,

mong them. But the number of members being limited, prevented many worthy candidates from attaining their wishes, any farther than to be admitted occasionally as visitors.

The following anecdote will more forcibly point out its deserved esteem, than any flowers of panegyric which I am able to display:

The Society began to attract the public attention in a very particular manner, and so universal was the applause, that Majesty itself was excited to pay it a visit; and that facetious Monarch, Charles the Second, was, in the year 1660, introduced by Sir Hugh Middleton, disguised as his distant relation from the country, who was desirous of hearing those debates of which the world talked so loudly; and so well pleased was he with his evening's entertainment, that he came three times more; and expressed himself greatly satisfied with an institution, which he declared had so great a tendency to enlarge the mind, and to refine the taste.

But in the year 1667, the original establishments being all dead, the succeeding members altered the plan, by making the number of members unlimited; in consequence of which, the Society, before carried on at the members' houses in rotation, was now assembled to a public-house, and the Essex-Head in Essex-street was fixed on for the future meetings. The expence of the entertainments, which was before defrayed by the person at whose house the meeting was the night held, was now to be defrayed by the company in general; for which purpose 6d. was collected from every person by the landlord, on his entering the room; and in consideration of this, he furnished them with porter and lemonade during the debate. The room was not only open to any person who chose to pay his 6d. but Religious and Political Subjects, instead of being rejected, were expressly articulated for; at the same time their being signed by fictitious names, was a cloak to every the most fatal consequence.

Here was the fatal wound to the Society; and this period closed its reputation: the gates are thrown open, and the motley herd enter; each fired with emulation, strives to attain superior perfection by various means. The Feather'd Coxcomb endeavours to attract the attention of the company, to an admiration of his *dear person*; the Man of Volubility displays his oratorical talents; and the sagacious Critic waits for subjects, to mangle

when he retires to his garret. The Christian Religion, which in the infancy of this Society was declared to be of Divine origin, pure and holy, and therefore no object of debate to a philosophical mind studious of scrutinizing vague and futile tenets, and directing men to the investigating the truth, was now bandied about with the most unwarrantable levity; its received maxims were overthrown, and the very foundation sapped to support that fame, which can alone stand by a strict adherence to its divine institutions and commands; atheistical tenets were therefore used with freedom, as an easy flow of language supplied the place of sound reasoning; men of reputation and principle gradually forsook the Society, and left behind them Deists, Freethinkers, and Atheists.

Political Questions were collected with equal avidity, and productive of equally fatal consequences; and while their minds were continually harrassed in laborious researches to support Political Hypotheses, they neglected the acquisition of useful knowledge; one moment ridiculously endeavoured to explain mysteries, and reconcile paradoxes; and the next debated on subjects which would not admit of the least doubt; and frequently with bold indecency agitated matters very improper for loyal subjects, and of no other consequence than lessening the dignity of Majesty; thus, with the admission of Political Subjects, their ideas of unbounded liberty took place, and scarce an action of government but received censure from these puny Orators. They inculcated the following principles in each others breast, "That it was necessary every one who had his country's good in view, should scrutinize into, and examine the measures of state pilots in the management of, and steering the political vessel; that whoever had abilities, was bound by the laws of nature to use them, in fathoming the depths of government, and pointing out the dangerous shoals on which statesmen often split; and as links of one great chain, they were interested in the fate of each other, and bound by the most solemn ties of doing the utmost to support the community." These, and many other reasons, equally *cogent*, were advanced; which had such influence among them, that the Society carried these favourite topics to such extremity, as to debate very few subjects, but what were either Religious or Political.

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how far they answer the laudable designs of such institutions, I cannot affirm, as I know not the method by which they are conducted;—yet thus far I will venture to say—the nearer they approach to the purity of the Robin Hood in its infancy, the more certain are they of a lasting reputation.—On this ground there is one forming in the western part of the kingdom, of which I cannot give a more perfect model, than sending you a speech made by the president at their first meeting.

GENTLEMEN,

THE purport of this meeting, as the summonses mention, is, that a plan of the improvement of our society, as drawn up by the committee appointed for that business, may receive due sanction from your concurrence and assent; I shall therefore presently lay before you the papers which contain these regulations.

But before I proceed to the business of the evening, indulge me a few minutes in expatiating on the many advantages which will arise from our plan being carried into execution.

Societies are daily increasing through the kingdom; yet, sorry am I to say it, few, except such as are formed on some charitable principle, or to relieve the members or their connections from the accidents or infirmities of life, deserve so exalted a title as Society; their chief design being to collect the votaries of Epicurism, or waste the members' time in submitting the fate of their fortunes to the influence of mere chance.---An improvement of their minds in rational knowledge is quite neglected, and they look on the day well ended, if they have offered free libations at the shrine of the Rofy God, or proved their superior skill in the conduct of the four aces.

Leaving therefore the common path which leads to inebriety, licentiousness, gambling, and frequently bloodshed, I flatter myself that our plan will open a field for improvement as well as entertainment. But the reputation of the society will depend on our endeavours to establish and support it by a constant and regular attendance, an activity in the debates, and a care that no religious or political questions gain admission amongst us. For although I am well persuaded, from the lives of the present members, that no atheistical or treasonable expressions will escape their lips, yet it is best to guard against any the least danger, and the common bane of most debating societies has been the admission of such que-

stions, which has induced some men, actuated by vanity to display superior abilities, wantonly to cavil at the actions of government, or advance irreligious tenets to support the weaker side of a question, which although at first they knew to be vague and futile, yet, by a constant use, have worked themselves to a belief, that they were true and incontrovertible. And let me here pledge myself to this society,---they shall find in me a firm advocate for religion and morality, nor shall an expression which can redder the face of modesty escape uncensured while I have the honour to preside.

I cannot enter the practical part of our society,—the debates,—without drawing some conclusions, disagreeable in reflection, from the unhappy state of oratory in this land.

A general inability to public speaking, (to our shame be it said) cannot but be allowed to prevail in this kingdom, altho' it is the emporium of public harangue. What nation can boast so many and valuable guardians to this sublime power in man as this Isle? where is there that freedom of debate which Britain can produce? The powers of eloquence with us have their full sway, and alas! like the uncontrolled mind in other instances, so here, that which, were we debarred of it, we should devoutly wish for, we now spurn and neglect.

Again, the genius and temper of the nation are most exactly suited for public disputations, seeing we possess the happy medium between the empty volatility of one nation, and the plodding temper of another; the one rendering its possessors incapable of a thought beyond commerce and its sordid appendage, gain; the other depriving man of the least power of thinking, and thus rendering him unfit to enter deep enough into the researches necessary to investigate the real principles on which any position stands.

And yet that there is an inability, the pulpit, bar, and senate are evidently melancholy proofs; that it is not natural, but acquired from an improper education, may easily be proved. What then must be the opinion of other nations concerning our genius, when they are told that a *foreigner* stands first on the list of English orators.

Too long have we carelessly buried our mental powers in oblivion; let us now rouse from the lethargy, which holds its baleful influence over us, and exert those faculties nature has bestowed on us. Who knows what orators may arise from this

society, who, but for its genial ray, had slept out their days in dull forgetfulness, and been consigned to the grave unprofitable possessors of the first of talents.

Though with cautious and trembling steps I shall enter the rich vale of science, and explore its mazy round, yet I hope in my researches, to open some new source both of profit and pleasure. To attain which, the following essentials I am well satisfied must be attended to.

The most convincing arguments and allowed positions of lose their force by being merely *said*. The end of public speaking is persuasion ; to speak, therefore, is not merely to utter certain sounds, but to deliver our thoughts with ease and elegance. Giving our words due articulation, pronunciation, emphasis, accent, tone and pause for the voice, requires equal management in oratory as in music, and whoever would excel in either must copy nature.

A confusious inability of delivering their thoughts with that ease and volubility which they desire, has influenced many from publickly giving their sentiments, which, had they been delivered, might have opened new lights on the subject in debate. To such, if there be any amongst us, let me recommend the history of the famous Grecian orator; he had

many obstacles to surmount ere he could fix his seat in the temple of fame, but an unwearied assiduity made him at length conquer. Let his example fire us, and let his success fix in our minds a resolution to persevere. Our conceptions will be more perfect, and our ideas more extensive from use; by a constant exercise of our minds in the fields of science, nature will be more clearly investigated and familiarized to us, and, by a use of free debate, our speech will be more correct, an easy flow of language will become familiar to us, and even our common conversation will be less stiff and affected.

An endeavour at a perfect panegyric on so noble a science as elocution from so young a professor, would argue a vanity more deserving your censure than applause ; at the same time it would require more time than we can at present spare. I shall therefore wave entering farther into the subject, than to point out where the most convincing proofs of its real value are to be found. Look into history---When were the various states which have composed this globe at their height of glory ? When eloquence was most attended to. Of this position Greece, even in her ashes, stands forth a *living witness*.

The BOOK - WORM, an OCCASIONAL PAPER;
NUMBER II.

To the EDITORS of the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

WHENCE comes it, my good Sirs, that among the number of those persons, who unite in the sacred bond of matrimony, so few should be content with their situation? We are told, that matrimony is an holy institution, and that if its duties are observed, it seldom fails to produce a lasting happiness; yet---I know not how it happens---when the month of novelty is over, this same matrimony becomes a matter of disgust, and men and women equally complain of it.---A word or two may help to solve the mystery.

When matrimony, (as a facetious friend of mine observes) is made a *matter of money*, and young persons of opposite inclinations are united to promote the interest, or gratify the ambition of a family, it will be no wonder if disparity of sentiment prevents their being happy, and blasts those enjoyments which mutual love produces.

Again,---when a designing villain pleads his passion for a girl, and swears that he loves *her*, when it is her *money* he is aiming at; when a girl under such circumstances, is prevailed upon to marry a man of this stamp, and gives up her own *real* fortune in exchange for his *ideal* constancy and attachment, her ruin will inevitably follow, and while she is fondly hoping to enter into a state of bliss and happiness, she plunges into the most abject misery.

Various other causes maybe assigned for matrimonial discontent;---the petulance of the one party, and the indolence of another;---the love of pleasure,---the love of power,---and in thort, the satisfaction of every with beyond mediocrity, are never-failing sources of disquiet; but as the nuptial knot is indissoluble, and complaint at best is useless, it should be the endeavour of each mistaken man or woman to bear, with what contentment they are

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are able, the state in which they have entered, and if they cannot be wholly happy, they should at least be patient.---

Reflections like these occurred to me, on reading Mr. Franklin's Sermons on the relative Duties, where he points out, in the most agreeable and pleasing manner, the necessity of our submitting ourselves to whatever station we are placed in, and the danger of increasing by our own behaviour those little ills of life which we call MISERIES.

A man may be deceived, in spite of all his sagacity, in the choice of his partner; and so may the ladies also---as both sexes too often draw the veil over their own imperfections, till matrimony has made them more familiarly acquainted, and ceremony is thrown aside.---They both appear then in their natural colours---and both too often are displeased.---They would do well to take those pains in forgetting each other's failings, as they had formerly done in concealing their own, and instead of accusations, their employment should be to assist their mutual wants---Disappointment should never sit upon their brows, but if content was wanting, serenity and gentleness should fill her seat.

"Example, say the moralists, is the sweetener of rigid precepts." I shall therefore lay before your reader, the pictures of a GOOD HUSBAND and a GOOD WIFE, as drawn by Mr. Franklin, who took them, I am told, from real life.

CHARACTER of a GOOD HUSBAND.

THE Good Husband is one, who, wedded not by interest but by choice, is constant as well from inclination as from principle: he treats his wife with delicacy as a woman, with tenderness as a friend: he attributes her follies to her weakness, her imprudence to her inadvertency; he passes them over therefore with good-nature, and pardons them with indulgence: all his care and industry are employed for her welfare; all his strength

and power are exerted for her support and protection; he is more anxious to preserve his own character and reputation, because her's is blended with it: lastly, the good husband is pious and religious, that he may animate her faith by his practice, and enforce the precepts of christianity by his own example: that, as they join to promote each other's happiness in this world, they may unite to ensure eternal joy and felicity in that which is to come.

CHARACTER of a GOOD WIFE.

THE Good Wife is one, who, ever mindful of the solemn contract which she hath entered into, is strictly and conscientiously virtuous, constant, and faithful to her husband; chaste, pure, and unblemished in every thought, word and deed: she is humble and modest from reason and conviction, submissive from choice, and obedient from inclination: what she acquires by love and tenderness, she preserves by prudence and discretion: she makes it her business to serve, and her pleasure to oblige her husband; as conscientious, that every thing which promotes his happiness, must in the end, contribute to her own: her tenderness relieves his cares, her affection softens his distresses, her good humour and complacency lessen and subdue his afflictions, *she openeth her mouth, as Solomon says, with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness: she looketh well to the ways of her husband, and catcheth not the breath of idleness: her children rise up and call her blessed: her husband also, and he praiseth her.* Lastly, as a good and pious christian, she looks up with an eye of gratitude to the Great Dispenser and Disposer of all things, to the husband of the widow, and father of the fatherless, intreating his divine favour and assistance in this and every other moral and religious duty, well satisfied, that if she duly and punctually discharges her several offices and relations in this life, she shall be blessed and rewarded for it in another.

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For the MISCELLANY.

AN ESSAY ON THE

ADVANTAGES of PHILOSOPHY to MANKIND.

THE contemplation and study of the works of nature, the tracing its phenomena, and investigating its laws, is one of the noblest sciences in which the human mind can possibly be engaged: It

is a study the most delightful, and at the same time attended with the most beneficial consequences to mankind. It has been observed, that the advances men have made in natural knowledge, have

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always been by slow and regular steps; and we have great reason to believe that there were but few, in the early ages of the world, that were acquainted with the laws, whereby the material universe is governed; and it is almost universally allowed that Philosophy never shone forth in its meridian glory before the days of our immortal *Newton*.

Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said let *Newton* be, and all was light.

POPE.

But great care ought to be taken, lest in this case we depreciate the ancients too much, and represent them as having made no proficiency in the school of natural philosophy. Some of them no doubt had a knowledge both of speculative and experimental philosophy, and applied it to the most valuable purposes, so that all around them felt its benign effects. The ancient *Egyptians* (if we may believe tradition) were indebted to philosophy, particularly to that part called *Geometry*, for the recovery of their lands after the inundations of the *Nile*. For the annual overflowing of this river, which happens about the beginning of the summer, made some art of measuring their lands necessary, that when the water returned to its usual channel, which it did about autumn, each person might have his own lands again; as all those bounds, landmarks and fixtures, used in other countries, on account of the depth of the water, and the quantity of mud it brought with and left behind it, were of no service in *Egypt*: so that hereby each person was obliged to distinguish his own land by its particular figure, and to call in the aid of *Geometry* to measure its quantity, and to plot it out again in its just dimensions and proportion.*—The *Syracusan* philosopher *Archimedes* too was well read in the book of nature, was no novice in Philosophy. That he understood *Mechanics*, even in their most comprehensive sense, is evident from that well known saying of his, *Δὲς μου σὲ τὴν γῆν κινῶν, i. e. give me where to stand and I will move the earth*; nor was he ignorant of *Hydrostatics* or *Optics*. No one can read the history of the siege of *Syracuse*, without seeing to what valuable purposes philosophy may be applied. There it will appear that *Archimedes* was equal to an army, and that his machines constructed by philosophic aid, were a greater terror to the Romans,

and a better defence to the city, than all the inhabitants of *Syracuse*.

But we need not go into ancient history for materials to compose a panegyric on philosophy. Our own age and nation will produce numberless monuments of its very beneficial nature to society. Every art, every trade, has been wholly indebted to it for their improvements and perfection, nor is there an individual, however mean, but in some way or other partakes of the blessings that flow from this fountain. *Philosophia* (says *Cicero*) *est mater omnium bonarum artium*.—There is scarce a day that passes over our heads, which does not celebrate the praises of this science, either by publishing her new inventions and discoveries, or her improvements in what is already known. The numerous machines which we have amongst us, and which are found so useful, owe their rise to philosophy. Clocks, watches, mills, cranes, pumps, fire-engines, steam-engines, &c. are all the children of Philosophy, and their present perfection is to be accounted for from the application men of late years have made to the cultivation of natural knowledge. But it is absolutely impossible for me to paint all her charms, or to give her that tribute of praise, which is justly her due. Were she viewed in a proper light, all men must confess themselves enamoured of her, and presently become her ardent votaries. The time would fail us to recount all the advantages mankind reap from the various branches of Philosophy taken separately. It is impossible now to enumerate the blessings we receive from *Geometry*, *Trigonometry*, *Astronomy*, and *Magnetism*, by the help of which navigation is performed, commerce carried on through the world, and Great Britain enriched; and equally impossible is it to recount all the advantages derived to mankind from *Mechanics*, *Hydrostatics*, *Hydraulics*, *Pneumatics*, *Optics*, *Chemistry*, *Electricity*, &c. &c.

Nor are these the only instances in which Philosophy has been serviceable to mankind. It has been a principal means of dispelling those clouds of darkness and ignorance, which once hovered over this country. Before the gladdening rays of philosophy shone upon us, superstition reigned in every breast, and men were terrified with groundless fears. Nothing was heard but stories of old hags selling themselves to the devil; of

witches

* See *Herodotus* and *Diodorus Siculus*.

witches spewing pins, and riding through the air on broomsticks, and, Proteus-like, assuming any shape at pleasure in order to torment mankind. The Astrologer too, in those dark ages, used to step forth, whispering direful things in the ears of affrighted mortals, and pretending to solve the most trivial events into the positions of the heavenly bodies. Philosophy has taught us the absurdity of these things, and made them disappear as darkness at noon-day.

As Pææbus to the world, is science to the foul,
BEATTIE'S MINSTREL, B. II.

For what can be more absurd than to imagine that these heavenly bodies which Philosophy teaches us are at such immense distances,---what, I say, can be more absurd than to imagine that these should be the cause of a man's having a corn upon his great toe, or a pimple on his nose? Witches, wizards, necromancers, conjurers, astrologers, and all those kind of

locusts that once infested this isle bowed themselves at the shrine of divine philosophy; "they bowed, they fell; where they bowed, there they fell down dead."

These are some of the advantages with which Philosophy comes recommended;---advantages which bespeak her superior to every other human science, and which must necessarily attract the admiration and regard of every reflecting mind. But nevertheless, what has been said is only a very small part of her praise, many advantages still lie behind untouched. But these I shall leave to be displayed by more able pens, and shall only remark here, that Philosophy is not only the source of abundant usefulness, but also of abundant pleasure. Not only has every useful art some connection with this science, but, as Mr. Maclaurin observes, on account of the unexhausted beauty and variety of things, it is ever agreeable, new and surprising.

Ringwood.

G—.

P R I Z E E S S A Y ;

On the NATURE of the EPIGRAM.

L'Epigramme—

N'est souvent qu'un Bon Mot de deux rimes orné.

BOILEAU.

ETYMOLOGY, though it discovers to us the original meaning of a word, yet it seldom gives us a true idea of the popular use of it. The word Epigram, however, in its present acceptation, differs but little from the sense in which it was used by the ancient Greek writers. It signifies, properly, an *inscription*; and was applied by them to those short, and frequently poetical inscriptions, made use of upon tombs or statues, temples, trophies, or other public structures, sacred to their Gods or to their Heroes. Brevity, therefore, and simplicity, were essential properties in these inscriptions; not only on account of their public situation, but from a principle of convenience, on account of the hardness of the materials (brass or marble) on which they were usually engraved.

This simplicity is observable in many of the most ancient Greek epigrams, which are preserved to us in their Anthologies, or collections made by the ancient grammarians; and appeared so insipid to the French poet Malherbe, that, upon tasting some *sous maigre* at a noble-

man's table, he whispered to a friend, who was a great admirer of the Greek simplicity: *Voilà la potage à la Greque s'il en juit jamais!* "This is soup in the Greek taste with a vengeance!" which was afterwards applied proverbially, amongst the French critics, to any tasteless performance, either in verse or prose.

But though the moderns have sufficiently departed from this primitive simplicity in their compositions of this kind, yet this definition of a true Epigram will always be the same: "That it is a short poem, exhibiting one single view of any subject, expressed in a concise and concluded in a forcible manner." According to this definition, though some striking thought or poignancy of expression is necessary to constitute an Epigram, yet those forced conceits, studied points, or what are now called the epigrammatic turns,---seem by no means essential to it; nay, unless they arise naturally from the subject, they are considered by the best critics, as vicious excrescences, or rather as ridiculous affectations.

And

And indeed the rules that are laid down for good writing in general, are equally applicable to a complete performance of this kind. Truth is the basis of all wit: no thought can be beautiful that is not just. No ambiguity, therefore, jingle of words, forced conceit, or outrageous hyperbole, are, *strictly speaking*, any more compatible with this, than with any other species of Poetry; "truth must prevail and regulate our diction, in all we write; nay must give laws to fiction." The difficulty of writing a perfect epigram, indeed, appeared so considerable to a great wit of the last age, that he did not scruple to declare (ridiculously enough) "that it was as difficult a performance as an Epic Poem." All that could really be meant by such an assertion, however, is, that an Epigram must be as perfect in its kind as the *Iliad*, or the *Paradise Lost*. An Epic Poem contains but one entire action; an Epigram, but one principal thought: the same unity of design, the same regular disposition of parts, the same tendency to one point, are required in a complete Epigram, as in an Epic Poem.

But however, though there is, *strictly speaking*, but one species of true wit; and that must be esteemed of the most perfect kind of Epigrams, where simplicity and justness of thought prevail, yet it must be granted likewise that there are many (perhaps the greatest number both ancient and modern) which give us great pleasure upon less rigid principles. And unless the majority of readers could be supposed to consist of philosophers and critics, we shall never prevail upon every man that is capable of writing an Epigram, to confine himself to the severe rules established by Bouhours, Addison, Horace, or Boileau. Besides, it is in vain to argue against the sensations of mankind: a striking antithesis, an happy allusion, an humorous expression, or even a pleasant ambiguity, will strike us with an agreeable surprise, and extort a laugh from the most rigid advocate for propriety and truth. On a grave or moral subject, indeed, the least appearance of levity, or tendency to a pun or jingle, may be as offensive as the intrusion of an impertinent wag in the midst of a serious or friendly conversation: but on less solemn occasions that severity may admit of some relaxation.---

The modern critics* have been equally at a loss to account for Tully's appro-

bation and Plutarch's censure of a celebrated witticism in an ancient Greek historian, who accounts for burning the temple of Diana on the night that Alexander was born, by supposing that the Goddess was engaged in her obstetric capacity, at the birth of so great an hero. This, Tully, as that kind of false wit was not entirely exploded in his age, applauds as an ingenious conceit. Plutarch, on the other hand, condemns it with the utmost severity: but what is remarkable, he has himself been guilty of a mere quibble, whilst he was ridiculing the historian's puerility; and says, that so *frigid* a conceit was enough of itself to *extinguish* the fire which he describes.

Now, all that can be said for Plutarch is, that in order to express his contempt of the author whom he censures, he treats him in his own way and gives him pun for pun. And this, I think, will explain, in what cases this species of false wit is allowable. When we would expose any folly, impertinence, or affectation, perhaps we cannot do it in too ludicrous terms, as, the less studied our wit appears, the more expressive it is of our contempt: it is like treating a man with a horsewhip, whom we think beneath our resentment at the more serious weapons of the sword or pistol.

I speak this of the lowest kind of ambiguity, or false wit, which is but one remove from a pun or a quibble; but there is another species which I cannot think inconsistent with our notions of true wit: I mean, when a word is applied to two different things, in two different senses; in both of which it is true; that is, in the figurative and literal acceptation.

I might produce numberless examples from the modern poets; but shall take one even from a Greek Epigram, as a more venerable authority:

Εἰς ἱατρὸν κλέστιν.

Φαρμακίης πόδον λήπτει καὶ χοιράδας αἶψα,
Τάλλα δὲ πᾶσι αἶψα, καὶ δίχα φαρμακίης.

On a pilfering QUACK.

Celsus takes off, by dint of skill,

Each bodily disaster;

But takes off spoons without a pill,

Your plate without a plaister.

Now it may be as true in the literal sense, that such a doctor takes off spoons, as that his physic, in a figurative sense,

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* Vide Pearce's Longinus, p. 16; and Cicero de Nat. Deor. l. 2.

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takes off a fever: and this forms an antithesis, or opposition, which gives the reader both *delight* and *surprise*, agreeably to the definition of one species of wit. Nay, further, as this sort of ambiguity will generally stand the test of Mr. Addison, of being translated into different languages, I cannot but think it an happiness of expression in these more ludicrous performances; for no one can imagine I would plead for any indulgence of this kind, in any serious or tender composition, even of the lesser branches of poetry. Yet a great French critic finds nothing to shock his understanding in the following compliment to Mary de Medicis:

Feed on my flocks, feed, void of care,
Tho' you should eat the meadows bare:
Maria comes, and where she treads,
Fresh flowers luxuriant paint the meads.

"According to the fabulous system," says he, "flowers spring up beneath the feet of goddesses and heroines; and therefore though the fact be false, yet it is a falsehood so well established, as to have the air of truth." But certainly, nothing can be more ridiculous than to argue thus from the figurative to the literal sense of the words: and the poor flocks would be in bad plight, that should have nothing to feed upon, but these ideal pastures and metaphorical flowers. — In short, in any ludicrous performance, this species of false wit may be considered as counters at cards, which serve well enough to play with, whilst they are passed as such; but a man that should put off a counter in serious traffic, or a pun in serious discourse, would be considered as a cheat in one case, and be thoroughly ridiculous in the other †.

There is another source of humour, upon which the whole merit of many modern Epigrams depends; which is their alluding either to some well-known proverb, or to some celebrated passage, either in history or ancient mythology; or, which is too common, even to some text of the Sacred Writings. These sorts of allusions give the reader the same agreeable surprise as the lucky application of a motto from an ancient classic.

How far the last kind of allusions is defensible, I will not presume to determine: however, where no religious opinion is ridiculed, or profanely applied, the mere antique phrase, though it is often stupidly, yet may perhaps be innocently enough introduced.

Thus, for instance, when Mr. Pope, the most decent poet of any age, speaks of those wretched votaries of dulness, who for the precarious reward of literary fame, undergo the austerities of martyrs and confessors, he says, in allusion to one of the beatitudes, "Who hunger and who thirst---for scribbling sake." Here, tho' he makes free with the Scripture expression, yet he is so far from ridiculing the doctrines contained in it, that he rather supposes our obligation to do that for *righteousness'* sake, which these rhymers do for *scribbling* sake ‡.

But, as a witty divine § has denounced "God's judgment against punning," as well as against profaneness, I would by no means plead for either; but only endeavour to account for the propensity which many sensible and decent men have discovered to be pleased with levities of this sort, by shewing that there are some kinds of them not inconsistent either with true wit or genuine piety.

As to the *length* of an Epigram, a great French critic seems to limit it to a distich, or two lines; as some Dutch poets have extended it to as many pages. The modern practice, however, for which the authority of Martial † might in many Epigrams be pleaded, seems to have determined, that, provided one principal thought be uniformly pursued to a point through the whole, a poem of any reasonable length may be considered as an Epigram.

A smoothness of verification seems so necessary in these smaller compositions, that I am almost inclined to apply seriously Prior's ironical concession, that

Rhyme with reason may dispense,
And sound has right to govern sense.

At least, the best sense and most witty conceit in the world will give little pleasure, if disfigured by bad rhymes, or the dissidence of unmusical verification. In larger

† See this point accurately discussed in Mr. Hurd's admirable notes on the Epist. to Augustus, p. 61.

‡ "The ridicule in a parody does not fall on the passage alluded to, but on the person to whom it is applied"; as is very ingeniously observed in a note on v. 405, b. 2, of the later editions of the Dunciad.

§ Swift.

† He has one upon the "Villa Faustini," of 42 lines, and many of 30 and upwards.

larger works some little roughness or inequality may be more pardonable; but in these diminutive pieces, the least inaccuracy, like a flaw in a diamond, entirely destroys its value.

An essay upon Song-writing, published in the Guardian, makes the whole difference between a Song and an Epigram to consist in the subject only: that an Epigram is usually employed upon satirical occasions; and that the business of the song is chiefly to express "Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine." But if I might venture to differ from so distinguished a writer, I should rather say, that, whatever the subject be, *tenderness of sentiment* and an impassioned expression are essential to a song; as the usually narrative style of an Epigram seems incompatible with the soft raptures of music. How ridiculous must it be to hear a Frenchman quavering out,

*Tu parles mal par tout de moi,
Je dis du bien par tout de toi.*

Thou speakest always ill of me,
I speak always well of thee.

Which translation of an Epigram from Buchanan * was a favourite Song in France: as, on the contrary, the tender sentiments and plaintive style of a lover appear inconsistent with the studied turns of an Epigram---for

Who can chuse but pity
A dying swain so miserably witty.

If we enquire at last, into the utility of the Epigram, I should think it sufficient to say of this as of poetry in general, that it is, at least, an innocent amusement to young people; and perhaps they might receive the same advantage to their style in writing, and to their manner of expressing themselves in conversation, from being accustomed to the force and conciseness peculiar to an Epigram, as it is allowed they generally do, to their way of thinking and reasoning, from the close method of argumentation essential to mathematical writings.

But, further, I think an Epigram may be considered, according to the most general division, either as a satire in miniature or a panegyric in epitome; and may, like those more important branches of poetry, be employed to encourage the practice of virtue by applause, or deter from vice by censure and ridicule; and as many of them contain some precept of morality, recommended to the fancy by a concise spirited manner of expression, they are easily learned in our youth, and usually retained for life.

If we may judge however from the practice of Martial, and the best writers of Epigrams, it seems to be its chief province to regulate the "*petits mœurs*," the little decencies of behaviour; and to ridicule affectation, vanity, and impertinence and other offences against good sense, and good breeding. But we should always remember that both this and every other species of raillery ought itself to be regulated by the strictest rules of humanity and benevolence. No natural defect, or unavoidable infirmity ought, on any account, to be exposed; much less should any thing sacred, or truly laudable, be made the object of our ridicule: for every poet should be able to say with Mr. Pope,

Curs'd be the verse, how well foe'er it flow,
That tends to make unworthy man my foe;
Give virtue scandal; innocence a fear;
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear.

Yet we may, certainly, exempt from this general rule, such harmless sallies of wit upon those peculiarities of temper, or even upon those oddities of person, where the subject of our raillery may himself join in the laugh; as, I dare say, the plump gentleman did, who was pointed out in this well known distich:

When Tadloe treads the streets, the paviours cry---
"God bless you, Sir," and lay their rammers by.

W. J.

* Imitated from the Greek.

OBSERVATIONS on the MANNERS of the AGE.

THE times are changed, and our manners are changed with them; it is not strange, therefore, that things which would have seemed absurd two or three centuries ago, should now be common amongst us, as a celebrated French author has justly observed. Our court la-

dies, like low-thoughted women, delight in ornament and splendor; and they being a rule to other ladies, and likewise to the courtiers, elegance and richness of dress are become a merit at court.

The expence of furniture and the table runs much higher than threescore years ago,

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ago, and from the continual improve-
ments in the arts administering to ease and
luxury, they will continue to increase.—
The bulk of the rich, in the want of dis-
tinguishing talents, stick at nothing to
distinguish themselves by monstrous ex-
pences; a man of wealth is very often
stupid enough to set himself above the
man of virtue and abilities, with a slender
fortune; living in a stately palace, amidst
silks and velvet, paintings, sculptures, gold
and silver, and gems, he of course must be
a great deal superior to a virtuous man,
who has nothing of all this finery; this
is the usual judgment of the vulgar, and it
is surprising what numbers of quality are
vulgar in this point.

At the beginning of the last century,
coaches came into fashion; in France, and
for some time in all Paris, they scarce ac-
counted to a hundred, and were used
only by ladies of distinction. As Paris in
1658 was not properly paved, and the dirt-
carts not sufficient for clearing the streets,
there was no going abroad but on horse-
back and booted, and the half-boots and
gilded spurs were a long time used in com-
mon vills: even they who had neither
coach nor saddle-horse, visited in white
half boots. The first coach with glass
windows, and a glass in the front, was
brought from Brussels in the year 1660,
by the Prince of Condé; since which,
many improvements have been made in
them for ease and ornament. How these
vehicles have heightened luxury and soft-
ness, besides the unhappy effects of them
on the health and vigour, as diminishing
the exercise of the body! it is this dimi-
nution of exercise, and the increase of
feasting, which have introduced those
complaints of vapours, weak nerves, ver-
tigoes, and other kinds of indisposition so
common among the rich and indolent.

In the civil wars, every one wore a
sword, especially officers and gentry;
many citizens, likewise, in order to pass
for officers or gentlemen, or at least for
persons above the commonalty, also stuck
a sword by their side, and have since kept
it as an ornament; and now in profound
peace wear it in vills. The sword, at
present, is become so common, as not to
be the distinction of a real gentleman;
these are the remains of the civil wars:
the custom of wearing swords may see
its period, as that of the half-boots and
gilded spurs; but it would be proper that
the gentleman should be distinguished from
the commoner by some mark, such
perhaps as a white silk flower embroidered
on his coat.

MISCELL. VOL. II.

The year 1648 was the era of card-
playing at court. Cardinal Mazarin
played deep, and with finesse, and easily
drew in the king and queen to counte-
nance this new entertainment, that every
one who had any expectation at court,
learned to play at cards. Soon after the
humour changed, and games of chance
came into vogue, to the ruin of many con-
siderable families; this was likewise very
destructive to health, for besides the va-
rious violent passions it excited, whole
nights were spent at this execrable
amusement; the worst of all was, that
card-playing, which the court had taken
from the army, soon spread from the court
into the city, and from the city pervaded
the country-towns. Before this, there
was something of improving conversation;
every one was ambitious of qualifying
himself for it, by reading of antient and
modern books; memory and reflection
were much more exercised. On the in-
troduction of this gaming, men likewise
left off tennis, mall, billiards, and other
gymnastic sports, and they are become
what we see them, weaker and more sickly,
more ignorant, less polished, and more
dissipated.

The women, who till then had com-
manded respect, accustomed men to treat
them familiarly, by spending the whole
night with them at play, or to pay their
loings; and how very ductile and com-
plying they are to those of whom they
must borrow, is well known.

This gaming is one of the greatest
banes of the state; several trials have been
made for suppressing games of chance, but
I do not know whether, to bring this
about, all card-playing, all gaming, and
playing of any kind, should not be to-
tally proscribed; a continual observation
of moderation being more difficult than at
once absolutely to break with all kind of
play.

The selling of posts has extinguished
the greatest part of our emulation to ac-
quire the talents requisite for them: as
money makes a counsellor, a president, or
master of requests, without regard to birth
or ability, the worthless sons of stock-
brokers and merchants are preferred even
to worthy noblemen, but who have not
wherewithal to purchase; hence it is,
the number of these people increases to
the multiplication of misery and oppression,
and the sons of wealthy merchants, in-
stead of continuing the commerce of
their fathers, which was a national ad-
vantage, are proud of investing them-
selves with the gown. Thus infamous
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and detrimental is the present path to the employment and dignities of the law.

This same venom of corruption in 1650 crept into the military employments: age, experience, services, or tried courage, were not required in a colonel: money stood instead of every thing; the ecclesiastical employments about the household were likewise sold: and this has likewise been extended to the navy and ordnance, that one day it must inevitably prove a principal cause of any nation's overthrow, unless it be their happiness soon to have a prince who will generously annul that pestiferous sale of posts and employments.

Every thinking person must know, that the chief way to avoid hell and obtain heaven, is to do no wrong, no hurt to husband, wife, servants, masters, or stranger, as displeasing to God: that the second way is, to procure them all the comforts and good things in our power, as acceptable to him; yet, in conformity to the usages of our forefathers, which also owe their rise to an ancient ignorance, those two essential ways above mentioned are neglected, and we have recourse to ways incomparably less efficacious; a multitude of ceremonies, long recitations of prayers, and such like mockeries, for which neither the poor nor the ignorant, nor our neighbours, or they whom we have wronged or hurt, are a whit the better.

The infinite variety of enjoyments and diversions, has so very lamentably corrupted our youth, that most of them, whose condition will allow of indolence,

soon grow out of conceit with study and application, and throw themselves into the arms of intoxicating voluptuousness. For this we may thank the deficiency of our laws, in not recompensing those who distinguish themselves among their equals by such labours as are useful to society; and this is the view with which I write for erecting a commission of inquiry, that when employments of the superior classes are vacant, they may be filled up by the most capable of the inferior class, or that honours or pensions may be conferred on the most deserving of each class.

Our men of erudition, for fourscore years past, have busied themselves more in the curious than the useful parts of sciences; and our wits have exhausted themselves only in trifling decorations of their works, adapting them to the vitiated mode of the general taste. We are but just beginning to see, that to please is not sufficient, but the writers must likewise be of greater benefit to their readers than all preceding authors, ancient or modern. They have, indeed, given their contemporaries a transitory delight, and I with those of our time would see, that the substance of their contest for preference and excellency does not lie in the brilliancy of wit, or energy of diction, or fertility of invention, but in producing works of solid and lasting advantage to the state, not only increasing the happiness of the present age, but conducting likewise to that of posterity. Here our reason, as yet, is very weak.

[*St. James's Mag.*]

ACCOUNT of Mr. DAY's PROJECT for sinking a VESSEL at SEA, and bringing it above Water afterwards;

AS LATELY TRIED AT PLYMOUTH.

SOME years ago Mr. Day, the projector of this scheme, planned a method of sinking a vessel under water, with a man in it, who should live therein for a certain time, and then, by his own means only, bring himself up to the surface.—He first tried his projects in the Broads, near Yarmouth, and in a Norwich market-boat fitted for that purpose, sunk himself 30 feet under water, where he continued 24 hours.

It was then suggested to him by one of his friends, to whom the experiment had been related, that if he acquainted the sporting gentlemen with the discovery,

considerable bets would be laid, in the profits of which he might be a sharer; he therefore acquainted Mr. Blake of the plan, and proposed that Mr. Blake should allow him 100l. out of every thousand that he should win by it.

After considering the matter some time, an interview was had between these two gentlemen, and Mr. Blake desired some proof of the practicability of the scheme; and a model of the vessel being shewn him, he advanced money for the constructing one at Plymouth, under Mr. Day's direction.

The pressure of the water at an hundred feet

feet deep was a circumstance of which Mr. Blake was advised, and on that article he gave the strongest precautions to Mr. Day, telling him, at any expence, to fortify the chamber, in which he was to submit, against the weight of such a body of water.

Mr. Day, however, seemed so confident of success, that Mr. Blake made a bet that the project would succeed, reducing, however, the hundred yards to 50 many feet, and the time from 24 to 12 hours. By the terms of the wager, the experiment was to be made within three months from the date; but so much time was necessary for preparation, that on the appointed day things were not in readiness, and Mr. Blake lost the bet.

Soon after this the vessel was finished, and Mr. Day wrote from Plymouth, that every thing was in readiness, and should be executed the moment Mr. Blake arrived. Mr. Blake accordingly set out for Plymouth. Upon his arrival a trial was made in Catwater, where Mr. Day lay during the flow of the tide for six hours, and six more during the time of ebb, confined all the time in the room appropriated for his use.

A day for the final determination was then fixed, and the vessel was towed to the place agreed upon. It had a false bottom, standing on feet like a butcher's block, which contained the ballast; and, by the person in the vessel unscrowing some pins, she was to rise to the surface, leaving the false bottom behind.

Mr. Day provided himself with whatever he thought necessary, went into the vessel, let the water into her, and with great composure retired to the room constructed for him, and shut up the valve.—The ship went gradually down in twenty-two fathom water, at two o'clock in the afternoon, being to return at two the next morning. He had three buoys or messengers, which he could send to the surface at option, to announce his situation below; but none appearing, Mr. Blake, who was near at hand in a barge, began to entertain some suspicion of her having bulged, especially as she went down stern foremost, and a very great rippling appeared a few minutes after her sinking. He therefore applied to the Captain of the *Orpheus* frigate, and to Lord Sandwich, who did all in their power to regain the vessel, but without effect.

The poor man has unfortunately shortened his days; he was not, however, tempted or influenced by any body; he concluded in his own judgment, and put

his life to the hazard upon his own mistaken notions.

Many and various have been the opinions on this strange, useless, and fatal experiment, though the more reasonable and intelligent part of mankind seem to give it up as wholly impracticable. It is well known, that pent-up air, when overcharged with the vapours emitted out of animal bodies, becomes unfit for respiration; for which reason, those confined in the diving-bell, after continuing some time under water, are obliged to come up, and take in fresh air, or by some such means recruit it. That any man should be able, after having sunk a vessel to so great a depth, to make that vessel at pleasure so much more specifically lighter than water, as thereby to enable it to force its way to the surface, through the depression of so great a weight, is a matter not hastily to be credited. Even cork, when sunk to a certain depth, will, by the great weight of the fluid upon it, be prevented from rising.

With respect to an animal being able to breathe for any considerable time in pent-up air, we are indeed told, by an author of the first rank, that the famous Cornelius Drebbelle contrived, not only a vessel to be rowed under water, but also a liquor to be carried in that vessel, which would supply the want of fresh air. The vessel was made by order of James the First, and carried twelve rowers, besides passengers. It was tried on the river Thames, and one of the persons who was in that submarine navigation, told the particulars of that experiment to a person, who afterwards related them to the great Mr. Boyle.

As to the liquor, Mr. Boyle says, he discovered by a physician, who married Drebbelle's daughter, that it was used from time to time, when the air in the submarine boat was clogged by the breath of the company, and thereby made unfit for respiration: at which time, by unstopping a vessel full of this liquor, he could speedily restore to the condensed air such a proportion of vital parts, as would make it again, for some time, fit for respiration. However, that wonderful quality in this liquor is much doubted.

On the whole, tho' it may be alledged, that many advantages might accrue from making a scheme of this kind practicable, yet, as no experiment with such a vessel can possibly be tried without the greatest danger, humanity tells us it were better to give it up, than devote the life of any man to such a precarious purpose.

On the DIFFERENCE between the HOURS of RISING,
observed by the ANCIENTS and MODERNS.

LIGHT is intended by our Maker for a sion, and darkness for rest; to employ them, therefore, according to their destined purposes, is our incumbent duty. This principle was once almost universally adhered to, though the moderns have now got into a contrary practice.

In the fourteenth century, the shops in Paris were opened at four in the morning; at present, a shopkeeper is scarce awake at seven. The King of France used then to dine at eight in the morning, and retire to his bed-chamber at eight in the evening;—an hour at which most of our public amusements are but just begun.

The Spaniards still adhere to their ancient customs; their Kings to this day dine precisely at noon, and sup no less precisely at nine in the evening.

During the reign of Henry VIII. fashionable people in England breakfasted at seven in the morning, and dined at ten in the forenoon. In Elizabeth's time, the Nobility, Gentry, and students, dined at eleven in the forenoon, and sup between five and six in the afternoon. In the reign of Charles II. four in the afternoon was the appointed hour for acting Plays. At present, even dinner is at a later hour.

The King of Yeman, the greatest Prince in Arabia Felix, dines at nine in the morning, sups at five in the afternoon, and goes to rest at eleven.

From this short specimen it appears, that the occupations of day-light commence gradually later and later; as if there was a tendency in polite nations of converting night into day, and day into night. Nothing happens without a cause: Light disposes to action, darkness to rest: The diversions of day are tournaments, tennis, hunting, racing, and such-like active exercises: The diversions of night are sedentary, as plays, cards, conversation. Balls are of a mixed nature, partly active in dancing, partly sedentary in conversing. Formerly active exercises prevailed among a robust and plain people: The milder pleasures of society prevail as manners refine. Thence it is, that candle-light amusements are now fashionable in France, and in other polished countries; and, when such amusements are much relished, they banish the robust exercises of the field. Balls, I conjecture, were formerly more frequent in day-light; at present, candle-light is their favourite time.

[Univ. Mag.]

For the MISCELLANY.

The celebrated SPEECH of the VILLEIN* of GERMANY,
To the SENATE and PEOPLE of ROME.

(Illustrated with a striking and expressive Print of the Villain.)

THIS Speech, which was lately introduced by Mr. Rice, in a Course of Rhetorical Lectures read at Bath and Bristol, has very much engaged the attention of the public; and as few, if any persons, could procure a copy of it, whatever detached pieces may have appeared in the world, are of course extremely incorrect and imperfect; Mr. Rice has, therefore, obligingly permitted us to print it from his own copy, and we flatter ourselves it will be highly acceptable to all our literary friends.

Mr. Rice introduced it with the following words: "I shall at this time beg leave to deviate from the common method of exhibiting specimens of reading, which is by detached passages, remarkable for some particular beauties. I shall now give you

"a composition of some length, because I think it of extraordinary merit.—It may be considered as a literary curiosity, as it is very little known, even to the learned. But its merits are so various, its composition is so judicious, its style so natural, and the passions and sentiments it raises are so excellent, that I cannot help giving it the aid of my little reputation to make it more known. Those who are so inclined may compare its merits with those of the most celebrated orations of antiquity. It will not suffer by any such comparison, and it may be made by any English reader, as this oration is on the same footing with them, as a translation into English from another language."

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* For an explanation of this term, and the nature of Villenage in England, see the article immediately following the Speech, p. 82.

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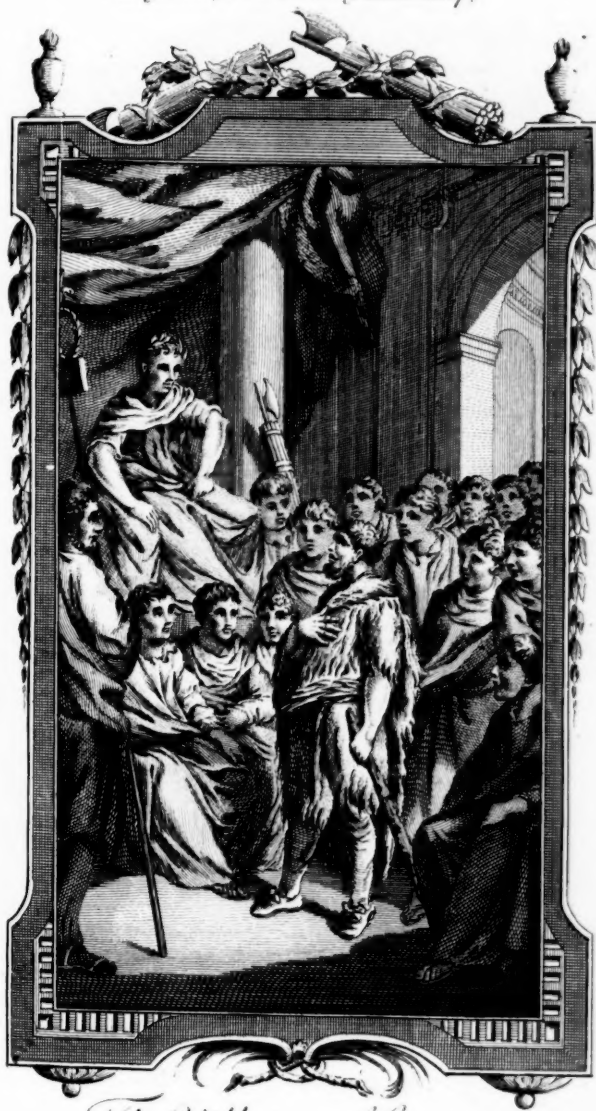
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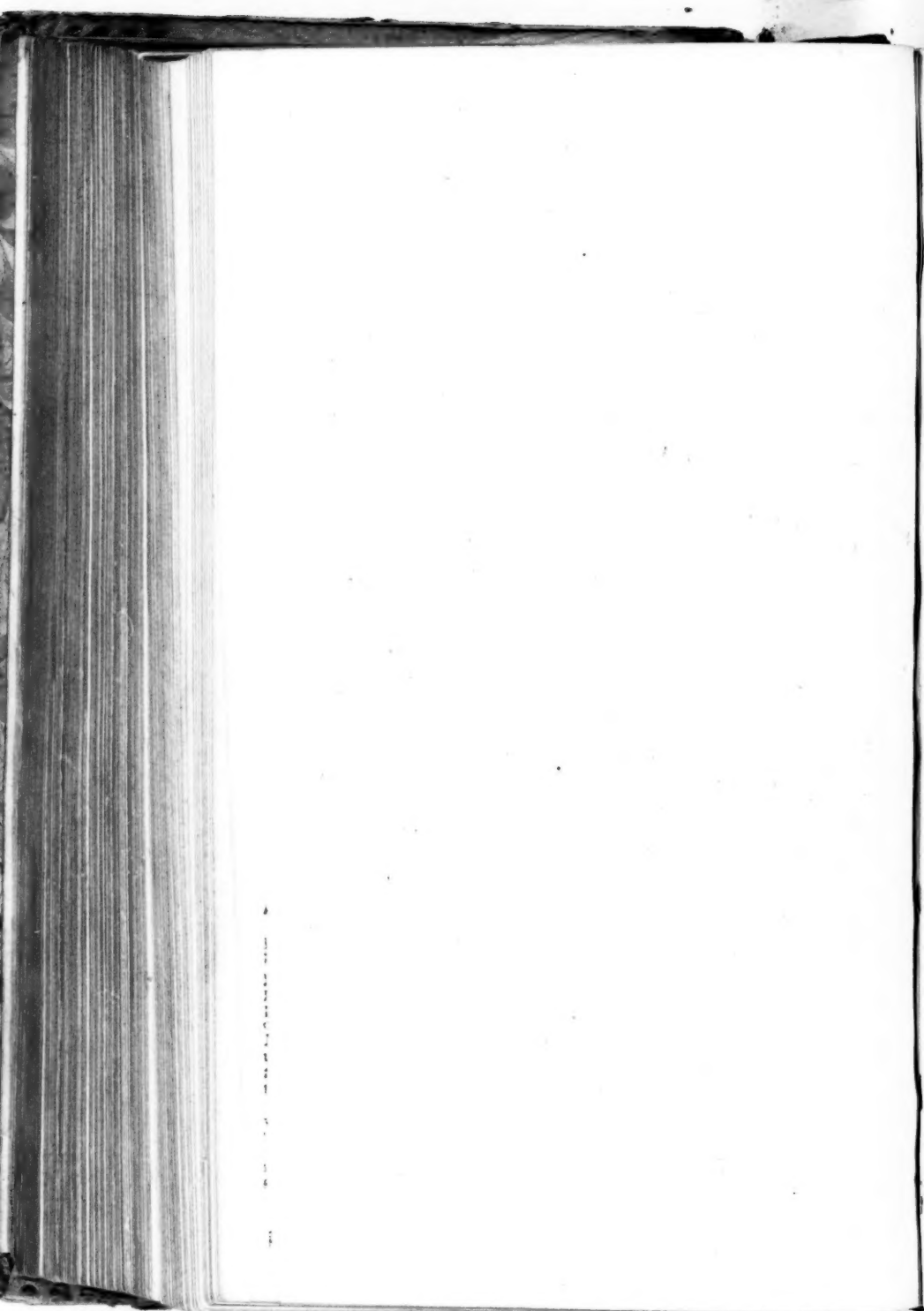
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See the article

Engraved for the Monthly Miscellany,



The Villain of Germany.



IN the 10th year of the reign of the good Emperor Marcus Aurelius, there happened in Rome a general pestilence; the which, being so outrageous, the good Emperor went to Campaigne, which at that time was very healthful and without diseases, tho' it was very dry, and wanted much of that which was necessary.

While he was at this place he was forevexed with a fever, and as his condition was always to be among sages, so at that time his sickness required to be visited by physicians. The report that he had in his palace was very great, as well of philosophers for to teach, as of physicians for to dispute; for this Prince ordered his life in such sort, that in his absence things touching the war were well provided, and in his presence were nothing but matters of knowledge argued.

It chanced one day, as Marcus Aurelius was environed with Senators, Philosophers, Physicians, and other sage men, a question was moved among them how greatly Rome was changed—not only in buildings, which were almost utterly decayed, but also in manners, which were wholly corrupted. The cause of this evil grew, for that Rome was full of flatterers, and destitute of those who durst say the truth.

These and other such words being heard, the Emperor declared unto them a notable example, saying,

'In the first year that I was Consul, there came a poor Villain from the river Danube, to ask justice of the Senate, against a Censor who had sorely oppressed the people; and indeed he did so well propound his complaint, and declare the folly and injuries which the Judges did in his country, that I doubt whether Cicero could utter it better with his tongue, or the renowned Homer have written it more eloquently with his pen.

'This Villain had a small face, great lips, hollow eyes, his colour burnt, curled hair, bare-headed, his shoes of porpyge skin, his coat of goat skin, his girdle of bulrushes, a long beard and thick, his eye-brows covered his eyes, the stomach and neck covered with skins, haired as a bear, and a club in his hand.—Without doubt when I saw him enter the Senate, I imagined it had been a beast in form of a man; and after I heard that which he said, I judged him to be a God,—if there be Gods among men; for it was a fearful thing to behold his person; it was no less monstrous to hear his words.—At that time there was a great press at the door of the Senate, of many and divers persons for to solicit the affairs of their provinces; yet, notwithstanding, this Villain spake before the others for two causes; the one, for the men were desirous to hear what so monstrous a man would say; the other, because the Senators had this custom, that the complaints of the poor should be heard before the requests of the rich: wherefore this Villain afterwards, in the midst of the Senate, began to tell his tale, and the cause of his coming thither, in the which he shewed himself no less bold in words than he was

in attire strange; and said unto them in this sort:

'Oh Fathers Conscript and happy People, I, Mileno, a plowman, dwelling near unto the river of Danube, do salute you, worthy Senators of Rome, which are convened here in this Senate; and I beseech the immortal Gods my tongue this day so to govern, that I may say that which is convenient for my country, and that they help you others to govern well the commonwealth; for without the help of God we can neither learn the good nor avoid the evil. The fatal destinies permitting it, and our wrathful Gods forsaking us, our mischance was such, and to you others fortune showed herself so favourable, that the proud Captains of Rome by force of arms took our country of Germany; and I say, not without a cause, that at that time the Gods were displeased with us; for, if we Germans had appeased our Gods, ye Romans might have well excused yourselves for overcoming us. Great is your glory, oh! Romans, for the victories you have had, and the triumphs which of many realms you have conquered; but, notwithstanding, greater shall your infamy be in the world to come, for the cruelties which you have committed; for I let you know, if you do not know it, that when the wicked went before the triumphant chariots, saying, 'Live, live, invincible Rome,' the poor captives went saying in their hearts 'Justice, Justice.'

'My predecessors inhabited by the river of Danube; for, when the dry earth annoyed them, they came to recreate themselves in the fresh water, and if perchance the unconstant water did annoy them, they would return again to the main land; and as the appetites and conditions of men are variable, so there is a time to fly from the land to refresh ourselves by the water, and time also, when we are annoyed with the water, to return again to the land.—But how shall I speak, Romans, that which I would speak? Your covetousness of taking other men's goods has been so extreme, and your pride of commanding strange countries has been so disordinate, that neither the sea can suffice you in the deepness thereof, neither the land assure us in the fields of the same.—Oh! how great comfort it is for the troubled men to think and be assured that there are just Gods, the which will do justice on the unjust; for if the oppressed men thought themselves not assured that the Gods would wreak their injury of their enemies, they with their own hands would destroy themselves.

'The end why I speak this is, for so much as I hope in the just Gods, that as you others, without reason, have cast us out of our houses, so by reason shall others come after us, and cast you others out of Italy and Rome both. There, in my country of Germany, we take it for a rule inalienable, that he which by force taketh the good of another, by reason ought to lose his own proper right; and I hope in the Gods, that that which we have for a proverb in Germany you shall have for experience here in Rome.—By the gods words I speak, and by the strange apparel

apparel which I wear, you may well imagine that I am some Villain or Barbarian born; but yet, notwithstanding, I want not reason to know who is just and righteous in holding his own, and who is a tyrant in possessing of others. For the rude men of my profession, tho' in good style they cannot declare that which they would utter, yet, notwithstanding, we are not ignorant of that which ought to be allowed for good, nor which ought to be condemned for evil. I would say therefore in this case, that that which the evil with all their tyranny have gathered in many days, the Gods shall take from them in one hour; and, contrarywise, all that which the good shall lose in many years, the Gods will restore it them in one minute, for speaking the truth: the evil to prosper in riches, is not for that the Gods will it, but that they do suffer it; and tho' at this hour we complain, dissembling we suffer much, but the time shall come that will pay for all. Believe me, in one thing, Oh! Romans, and doubt not therein, that 'of the unlawful gains of the father followeth after the just undoing of their children.' Many oftentimes do marvel, in my country, what the cause is, that the Gods do not take from the wicked that which they win, immediately as they win it; and as I think the reason hereof is for the dissembling with them by little, they gather together divers things, and afterwards, when they think least thereon, it is taken from them all at once. For the just judgment of the Gods is, that, since without reason they have done evil to others, others by reason should come in like manner which do evil unto them.

"It is impossible that the valiant and sage man, who presumeth to be wise, should take any taste in any other man's goods; for if he did he would never content himself with any thing, since he hath not a conscience in that which is evil gotten. I know not, Romans, whether you understand me; but, because you shall understand me better, I say that I marvel, and I should rather wonder, how the man keeping another man's goods, can sleep or rest one hour, since he knoweth he hath done injury to the Gods, slandered his neighbours, pleased his enemies, lost his friends, endangered those that he robbed, and, worst of all, that he hath put his person in peril. And I say that he hath put his person in peril; for the day that any man be deemed to take my goods, he will also, the same day, if he can, take my life. It is an odious thing to the Gods, and very slanderous among men, that men should have, thro' their fleshly desires, so much virtue bound, and the ruin of their evil works so much at liberty, that another man's misery seemeth to him riches, and that his own riches seemeth to himself poverty. I care not whether he be Greek, Barbarian, Roman, present or absent, I say, and affirm, that he is and shall be cursed of the Gods, and hated of men; which, without consideration, will change his good fame into shame, justice into wrong, right into tyranny, truth into

lies, the certain for the doubtful, hating his own property, and fighting for that of other men.

"He that hath his chief intention to gather good for his children, and seeketh not a good name among the renowned; it is just that such a one do not only lose the goods which he hath gathered, but also that without a good name he remain shameful among the wicked.

"Since you other Romans are naturally proud, and pride doth blind you, you think yourselves happy, that for having to much as you have more than others, that therefore you should be more honoured than all; which truly is not so: for if presently you will not open your eyes, and confess your own errors, you shall see, that whereas you vaunt yourselves to be lords of strange countries, you shall find yourselves made slaves with your own proper goods.

"Gather as much as you will, let them do all you command them, yet, as I think, it little availeth to have Placidian houses with goods, and contrarywise the hearts to be possessed with covetousness; for the riches which are gotten with covetousness, and are kept with avarice, take away the good name from the possessor, and avail nothing to maintain his life.

"It cannot be suffered many days, and much less hid many years, that one man should be counted both for rich among the rich, and for honoured among the honourable; for it is impossible, that he which is a great lover of temporal goods should be a friend to his good name. Oh, if the covetous men were of their own honour as greedy as they are of the goods of another desirous! I swear unto you by the immortal Gods, that the little worm or moth of covetousness would not gnaw the rest of their life, and the canker of infamy should not destroy their good name after their death.

"Hearken, ye Romans, hearken what I will say; and I beseech the Gods that you may understand it; for otherwise I should lose my labour, and ye others should take no fruit of my words. I see that all the world hateth pride; and yet there is none that will follow humanity. Every man condemneth adultery; and yet I see no man that liveth chaste. Every man curseth excess; and I see no man live temperately. Every man praiseth patience; and I see no man that will suffer. Every man blameth sloth; and I see no man but those that are idle. Every man blameth avarice; and yet every man robbeth.

"One thing I say, and not without tears, in this Senate openly do I declare it; which is, that with the tongue every man praiseth virtue, and yet they themselves, with all their limbs, are servants unto vices.

"Do not think that I say this only for the Romans which be in Illyria, but for the Senators which I see here in the Senate.

"All you Romans, in your devices about arms, have this for your motto: 'Romanorum est debellare superbos, et pacere subiectos.' Truly you should better have said, 'Romanorum est speciare innocentes, et redde-

dere subjectos.' For you Romans are but destroyers of the people that be peaceable, and robbers of the iweat and labours of strangers.

"I ask, ye Romans, what occasion ye have, that are brought up nigh to the river of Tiber, against us that live in peace, nigh to the river of Danube. Peradventure you have seen us friends to your foes; or else we have shewed ourselves your enemies. Peradventure you have heard say, that, forsaking our own land, we should go conquer foreign realms. Peradventure you have been advertised, that we, rebelling against our own lords, should become obedient to the cruel Barbarians. Peradventure ye have sent us some Ambassador to desire us to be your friends; or else there came some from us to Rome, to defy you as our enemies. Peradventure some King died in our realm, which by his testament made you heirs unto our realm; whereby you claim your title, and seek to make us your subjects. Peradventure by some ancient law or custom ye have found, that the noble and worthy Germany of necessity is subject to the proud people of Rome. Peradventure we have destroyed your armies, we have wasted your fields, sacked your cities, spoiled your subjects, or favoured your enemies: so that, to revenge these injuries, ye should destroy our land. If we had been your neighbours, or you our's, it had been no marvel that one should have destroyed the other. For it chanceth oftentimes, that thro' controversy of a little piece of ground, tedious wars between people arise.

"Of a truth, none of these things which I have named have chanced between ye Romans and us Germans. For in Germany we felt your tyranny as soon as we heard of your renown.

"If ye be grieved with what I have said, I pray you be not offended with what I will say; which is, that the name of Romans and the cruelty of tyrants, arrived together in one day upon our people; and what more to say, I know not Romans, of the little care the Gods do take, and of the great audacity that men have; for I see that he which possesseth much doth oppress him which hath but little, and he that hath little weigheth not him that hath much.

"So disorderd covetousness striveth with secret malice, and secret malice giveth place to open theft, and open robbery no man resisteth, and thereof it cometh, that the covetousness of a malicious man is accomplished, to the prejudice of a whole state.

"Hearken, ye Romans, hearken; by the immortal Gods I do conjure you, give ear to that I will say; which is, consider well what you have done; for the good words be in vain, or else men must have an end, the world in time must needs fall, or else the world shall be no world; fortune must needs make sure the pin of the wheel, or else that shall be seen which never was seen; which is, that which in eight years ye have won, ye shall within eight days lose: for nothing can be more just, since ye by force have

made yourselves tyrants: then the Gods by justice should make you slaves. And do not think, you Romans, tho' you have subdued Germany, and be lords thereof, that it was by any warlike industry; for ye are no more warlike, no more courageous, no more hardy, nor yet more valiant than we Germans: But since thro' our offences we have provoked the Gods to wrath, the, for the punishment of our disordinate vices, ordained, that ye should be a cruel plague and scourge to our perions. Do not take yourselves to be strong, neither repute us to be so weak, that if the Gods at that time had favoured the one part as much as the other, it might perchance have happened ye should not have enjoyed the spoil. For, to say the truth, ye won not the victory thro' the force of weapons that you brought from Rome, but through the infinite vices which ye have found in Germany.

"Therefore, since we were not overcome for being cowards, neither for being weak, nor yet for being fearful, but only for being wicked, and not having the Gods favourable unto us; what hope ye Romans to become of you, being as you are vicious, and having the Gods angry with you?

"Do not think, Romans, to be the more victorious for that ye assemble great armies, or that ye abound in treasures, neither for that you have greater Gods in your aid, or that ye build greater temples, nor yet for that ye offer such great sacrifices; for I let you know, if you do not know it, that no man is in more favour with the Gods than he which is at peace with virtue.

"If the triumph of the conquerors consisteth in nothing else but in subtle wits, politic captains, valiant soldiers, and great armies, without doubt it would little avail to carry all this to the war; afterwards we see, by experience, that men can do no more but give the battles, and the Gods themselves must give the victories.

"If I be not deceived, I think that for our offences we have sufficiently satisfied the Gods' wrath. But truly I believe that the cruelties which ye have done unto us, and the unthankfulness which you have shewed the Gods, tho' as yet ye have not paid for it, yet once ye shall pay for it. And hereafter it may chance that as at present ye count us for slaves, so in time to come ye shall acknowledge us for lords. Since, travelling by the way, I have seen the high mountains, divers provinces, sundry nations, countries so savage, people so barbarous, and considering the distance that Germany is from Rome, I muse what fond toy came into the Romans heads to fend and conquer Germany? If covetousness or treasures caused it, I am sure they spent more money to conquer it, and at this present do spend to keep it, than the whole revenues of Germany amounteth to, or may amount in many years; and perchance they may lose it, before they recover that they have spent to conquer it. And if ye say unto me, Romans, that Germany is not conquered of Rome for ever; but that only Rome should have the glory

to be mistress of Germany: this also I say is vanity and folly; for little availeth it having the forts and castles of the people, while the hearts of the inhabitants are absent.

"If ye say, that therefore ye conquered Germany, to amplify and enlarge the limits and bounds of Rome: this also, I think, is a foolish enterprise. For it is not the point of wife and valiant men to enlarge their dominions and diminish their honours. If ye say ye sent to conquer us, to the end we should not be barbarous, nor live like tyrants, but that ye would we should live after your good laws and customs: if it be so I am well content; but how is it possible ye should give laws to strangers, when ye break the laws of your own predecessors?—Great shame ought they to have, which take upon them to correct others, when they have more need to be corrected themselves. For the blind man ought not to take upon him to lead the lame.—If this be true (as certainly it is) what reason or occasion had proud Rome to take and conquer the innocent Germans. Let us all go therefore to rob, to kill, to conquer, and to spoil, since we see the world is so corrupt, and so far from the love of God, that every man (as we may perceive) taketh what he can, killeth who he will; and that which is worst of all is, that neither those who govern will remedy so many evils as are committed, nor those which are offended dare complain.

"Ye chief judges at this day are so hard to be intreated, ye take so little regard unto the poor oppressed, that they think it more quiet to remain in trouble at home, than to come and put up their complaints before you here at Rome; and the cause hereof is, that there in their country, they have but one which pursueth them, and here in this Senate they are ill-will'd of all, and that is, because he which complaineth is poor, and the other which is complained on is rich.

"Therefore, since fortune would have it, and the fatal destinies permit, that the proud Rome should be mistress of our Germany, it is but reason she should keep us in justice, and maintain us in peace. But if you do not so, but rather they who go thither do take from us our goods, and you that are here, do rob us of our good name, saying, that since we are a people without law, without reason, and without a King, (as unknown barbarous) ye may take us for slaves; in this case, ye Romans are greatly deceived, for I think with reason, ye cannot call us so with truth; since we being such as we are, and as the Gods created us, remaining in our proper countries without desiring to seek or invade foreign realms. For with more truth we might say, that ye were men without reason, being not contented with the sweet and fertile Italy, but through shedding of blood, that ye should desire to conquer all the earth. In that ye say, we deserve to be slaves, because we have no Prince to command us, nor Senate to govern us, nor army to defend us: to this I will answer:

"That since we had no enemies, we needed no armies; and since every man is contented with his lot and fortune, we needed not a proud Senate to govern us; and we being, as we all are, equal, it needed not we should consent to have any Princes amongst us; for the office of Princes is, to suppress tyrants, and maintain their people in peace.

"If ye say further, that we have not in our country a common-wealth or policy, but that we live as the beasts in the mountains; in this also ye have but small reason, for we in our country did suffer no liars, neither rebels, nor seditious people, nor men that brought us from any strange country apparel for to be vicious; so that since in apparel we were honest, and in meat very temperate, we needed no better behaviour.

"For tho' in our country there are no merchants of Carthage, oils of Mauritania, merchants of Tyre, steel of Cantabria, odours of Asia, gold of Spain, silver of Britain, amber of Sidonia, silk of Damascus, corn of Sicily, wine of Candia, purple of Arabia; yet for all this we are not brutish, neither cease to have a common-wealth.

"For these and such like other things give more occasion to stir up many vices, than for virtuous men for to live according unto virtue. Blessed and happy is the common-wealth, not where great riches aboundeth, but where virtues are highly commended; not where many light and angry men resort, but where the patient are resident: therefore it followeth, that of the common-wealth of Rome, for being rich, we should have pity; and of the common-wealth of Germany, for being poor, ye ought not to have envy.

"Would to God that the content we have with our poverty, ye others had the same with your riches; for then neither ye had robbed us of our countries, nor we had come hither to complain in Rome of your tyranny.

"I see Romans that differ much from each other; for ye others, though ye hear our oppressions, yet ye lose not your pastime; but we others can neither dry the tears of our eyes, nor cease to bewail our infinite misfortunes.

"Ye would think I have said all that I can say; but certainly it is not so: for there remaineth many things to speak, which to hear ye will be ashamed: yet be assured that to speak them I will not be afraid, since you, in doing them are not ashamed,—for open offence deserveth not secret correction. I marvel much at ye Romans, what ye meant to send us (as ye did) such ignorant judges, the which, by the immortal Gods I swear, can neither declare to us your laws, nor understand ours. And the cause of all this evil is, that ye sent not to us those, which were best able to administer justice to us in Germany, but those who have the best friends with you in Rome. It is little that I can say here, in respect to what they dare do there: that which ye command them here, I know not; but of the which they do there, I am not ignorant; which is,—your judges take all bribes that are brought

brought unto them openly, and they peel and shave as much as they can secretly: they graciously punish the offences of the poor, and dissemble with the faults of the rich: they consent to many evils, to have occasion to commit greater thefts: they forget the government of the people to take their pleasure in vice, and being there to mitigate slanders, they are those which are the most slanderous; and without goods it avails no man to ask justice: and finally, under the colour that they be judges of Rome, they fear not to rob all the land of Germany. What meaneth this, ye Romans? shall your pride never have end in commanding, nor your covetousness in robbing? Say unto us what you will in words, but oppress us not so much in deeds. If you do it for our children, load them with irons, and make them slaves, for ye cannot charge them with more than they are able to carry; but of commandments and tributes ye give us more than we are either able to carry or suffer. If you do it for our goods, go thither and take them all; for in our country, we do not live as ye Romans do, nor have such conditions as ye have here in Rome; for ye desire to live poor, that ye may die rich. If ye say that we shall rebel, I marvel what you should mean to think of, though ye have robbed us, spoiled us, and handled us ill. Assure me, ye Romans, that ye will not unpeople us, and I will assure you we will not rebel. If our service do not content you, strike off our heads as to the evil men; for (to tell ye truth) the knife shall not be so fearful to our necks, as your tyrannies be abhorred in our hearts.

“Do ye know what ye have done, ye Romans? ye have caused us of that miserable realm to swear, neither to dwell with our wives, and to slay our children, rather than to leave them in the hands of such wicked and cruel tyrants as ye be: If it be true that the children must endure that which the miserable fathers do suffer, it is not only good to slay them, but also it should be better not to agree they should be born. Ye ought not to do this, Romans; for the land taken by force, ought the better to be governed, to the intent that the miserable captives, seeing justice duly administered presently, should thereby forget the tyranny past, and content themselves with perpetual servitude: And since it is true that we are come to complain here of the oppressions which your Officers do upon the poor river of Danube, peradventure ye which are of the Senate will hear us; and though ye are now determined to hear us, yet you are slow to remedy us; so that before ye began to reform an evil custom, the whole commonwealth is already undone. I will tell you of some things thereof, to the intent you may know them, and then reform them. If there come a right poor man to demand justice, having no money to give, nor wine to present, nor oil to promise, nor friends to help him, nor revenues to succour him and maintain him in expences; after he hath complained, they shall satisfy him with words, saying unto him, that speedily he shall have justice.

“What will ye I should say, but that in the mean time they make him spend that little
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which he hath, and give him nothing though he should demand much; they give him vain hope, and they make him waste the best of his life; every one of them doth promise him favour, and afterwards they will lay hands upon him to oppress him. The most of them say his right is good, and afterwards they give sentence against him; so that the miserable person that came to complain of one, returneth home, complaining of all, cursing his cruel destinies, and crying out to the just and merciful God for revengement. It chanceth also, that sometimes there cometh here to complain to the Senate, some flattering man, more from malice than for right or justice; and ye Senators crediting his docible words, and fained tears, immediately ordain a Censor to go and give audience on his complaints, who being gone, and returned, ye seek more to remedy and give ear to the complaints of the Judge, than to the slanders which were amongst the people. I will declare unto you myself, O ye Romans, and thereby ye shall see how they pass their life in my country. I live by gathering acorns in the winter, and reaping corn in the summer; sometimes I fish, as well of necessity as of pleasure, so that I pass almost all my life alone in the fields and in the mountains; and if you know not why, hear me, and I will tell you. I see such tyrannies in your Judges, and such robberies as they commit among the poor people, and there are such dissensions in the realm, such injuries committed therein, the poor commonwealth is so spoiled, there are so few that desire to do good, and also there are so few that hope for remedy in the Senate, that I am determined (as most unhappy) to banish myself out of mine own house, and to separate myself from my sweet company, to the end mine eyes should not behold so miserable a change; for I had rather wander solitary in the fields, than to see my neighbours hourly to lament in the streets. For there the cruel hearts do not offend me, unless I do assault them; but the cursed men, though I do serve them, yet do they vex me. Without doubt it is a marvellous pain to suffer an overthrow of fortune, but it is a greater torment when one feels it without remedies; and yet my greatest grief is, when my loss may be remedied, and he which may will not, and he that will cannot by any means remedy it.

O cruel Romans! ye feel nothing that we feel, especially I that speak it, only to reduce it to memory, my tongue will wax weary, my joints weaken, my heart tremble, and my flesh consume. What a woeful thing it is in my country to see it with my eyes, to hear it with my ears, and to feel it with my hands; truly the griefs which woeful Germany suffers are such, and so many, that I believe the merciful Gods will yet have pity upon us.

One thing only comforteth me, whereof I, with other unfortunate people, have had experience, in that I do think myself happy to know, that the dire plagues proceed not from the just Gods, but through the just deserts of wicked men, and that our secret fault doth weaken those, to the end that they of us may execute open justice. Of one thing only I am sore troubled, because the Gods cannot

be contented, but for a small fault they punish good men much, and for many faults they punish evil men nothing at all; so that the Gods do forbear with the one, and forgive nothing unto the other.

O secret judgments of God! that as I am bound to praise your works, so likewise if I had licence to condemn them, I durst say, that you cause us to suffer grievous pains, for that ye punish and persecute us by the hands of such judges, the which (if justice takes place in the world) when they chastise us with their hands, they do not deserve to have their heads on their shoulders.

"The reason why now again I do exclaim on the immortal Gods, is because, that in these fifteen days I have been at Rome, I have seen such deeds done in your Senate, that if the least of them had been done at Danube, the gallows and gibbets had been hanged thicker of thieves, than the vineyard is with grapes.—I am determined to see your doings, to speak of your dishonesty in apparel, your little temperance in eating, your disorders in affairs, and your pleasures in living. And on the other hand I see, that when your profusion arriveth in our country, we carry it into the temples, and offer it to the Gods; we put it on their heads, so that the one meeting with the other, we accomplish that which is commanded, and accuse those that commanded it: and since, therefore, my heart has seen that which it desireth, my mind is at rest in spitting out the poison which abode in it. If I have in any thing here offended with my tongue, I am ready to make recompence with my head; for

in good faith I had rather win honour in offering myself to death, than you should have it in taking from me my life."

And here the Villain ended his talk.

Immediately afterwards Marcus Aurelius said to those which were about him: "How think ye, my friends? What kernel of a nut! what gold of the mine! what corn of straw! what rose of briers! and how noble and valiant a man hath he shewed himself! What reasons, so high! what words, so well couched! what truths, so exact! what sentences, so well pronounced! and also, what open malice hath he discovered! By the faith of a good man I swear, as I may be delivered from this fever which I have, I saw this Villain standing boldly a whole hour on his feet, and all we, beholding the earth as uncalced, could not answer him one word; for indeed the Villain confuted us with his purpose, and astonished us to see the little regard he had of his life."

The Senate being afterwards all agreed, the next day we provided new Judges for the River of Danube, and commanded the Villain to deliver in by writing all that he had said by mouth, to the end it might be registered in the book of Good Sayings of Strangers.

'And further it was agreed, that the said Villain (for the wise words he spake) should be chosen Senator, and of the Freemen of Rome he should be one, and that for ever he should be sustained with the common treasure;—for our mother Rome hath always been praised and esteemed, not only to reward the services done unto her, but also the good words which were spoken in the Senate.

The ORIGIN and NATURE of VILLENAGE;

And the SERVICES due from those who were termed VILLEINS.

[FROM BLACKSTONE'S COMMENTARIES.]

THE estates held in *villanage* were a species of tenure neither strictly feudal, Norman, or Saxon; but mixed and compounded of them all: and which also, on account of the heriots that attend it, may seem to have somewhat Danish in its composition. Under the Saxon government there were, as Sir William Temple speaks, a sort of people in a condition of downright servitude, used and employed in the most servile works, and belonging, both they, their children, and effects, to the lord of the soil, like the rest of the cattle or stock upon it. These seem to have been those who held what was called the folk land, from which they were removeable at the lord's pleasure. On the arrival of the Normans here, it seems not improbable, that they, who were strangers to any other than a feudal state, might give some sparks of enfranchisement to such wretched persons as fell to their share, by admitting them,

as well as others, to the oath of fealty; which conferred a right of protection, and raised the tenant to a kind of estate superior to downright slavery, but inferior to every other condition. This they called villanage, and the tenants villeins, either from the word *villus*, or else, as Sir Edward Coke tells us, *à villa*; because they lived chiefly in villages, and were employed in rustic works of the most fordid kind: like the Spartan *hebetes*, to whom alone the culture of the lands was assigned; their rugged masters, like our northern ancestors, esteeming war the only honourable employment of mankind.

These villeins, belonging principally to lords of manors, were either villeins *regardant*, that is, annexed to the manor or land; or else they were *in gross*, or at large, that is, annexed to the person of the lord, and transferrable by deed from one owner to another. They could not leave their lord without his permission; but,

but, if they ran away, or were purloined from him, might be claimed and recovered by action, like beasts or other chattels. They held indeed small portions of land by way of sustaining themselves and families; but it was at the mere will of the lord, who might dispossess them whenever he pleased; and it was upon villein services, that is, to carry out dung, to hedge and ditch the lords demesnes, and any other the meanest offices: and these services were not only base, but uncertain both as to their time and quantity. A villein, in short, was in much the same state with us, as lord Molefworth describes to be that of the boors in Denmark, and Stiernhook attributes also to the *travels* or slaves in Sweden; which confirms the probability of their being in some degree monuments of the Danish tyranny. A villein could acquire no property either in lands or goods; but, if he purchased either, the lord might enter upon them, oust the villein, and seize them to his own use, unless he contrived to dispose of them again before the lord had seized them; for the lord had then lost his opportunity.

In many places also a fine was payable to the lord, if the villein presumed to marry his daughter to any one without leave from the lord: and, by the common law, the lord might also bring an action against the husband for damages in thus purloining his property. For the children of villeins were also in the same state of bondage with their parents; whence they were called in Latin, *nativi*, which gave rise to the female appellation of a villein, who was called a *neise*. In case of a marriage between a freeman and a neise, or a villein and a free woman, the issue followed the condition of the father, being free if he was free, and villein if he was villein; contrary to the maxim of the civil law, that *partus sequitur ventrem*. But no bastard could be born a villein, because by another maxim of our law he is *nullius filius*; and as he can gain nothing by inheritance, it were hard that he should lose his natural freedom by it. The law however protected the persons of villeins, as the king's subjects, against atrocious injuries of the lord: for he might not kill, or maim his villein; though he might beat him with impunity, since the villein had no action or remedy at law against his lord, but in case of the murder of his ancestor, or the maim of his own person. Neises indeed had also an appeal of rape, in case the lord violated them by force.

Villeins might be enfranchised by manumission, which is either express or implied: express; as where a man granted to the villein a deed of manumission; implied; as where a man bound himself in a bond to his villein for a sum of money, granted him an annuity by deed, or gave him an estate in fee, for life, or years: for this was dealing with his villein on the footing of a freeman; it was in some of the instances giving him an action against his lord, and in others vesting an ownership in him entirely inconsistent with his former state of bondage. So also if the lord brought an action against his villein, this enfranchised him; for, as the lord might have a short remedy against his villein, by seizing his goods, (which was more than equivalent to any damages he could recover) the law, which is always ready to catch at any thing in favour of liberty, presumed that by bringing this action he meant to set his villein on the same footing with himself, and therefore held it an implied manumission. But, in case the lord indicted him for felony, it was otherwise; for the lord could not inflict a capital punishment on his villein, without calling in the assistance of the law.

Villeins, by this and many other means, in process of time gained considerable ground on their lords; and in particular strengthened the tenure of their estates to that degree, that they came to have in them an interest in many places full as good, in others better than their lords. For the good-nature and benevolence of many lords of manors having, time out of mind, permitted their villeins and their children to enjoy their possessions without interruption, in a regular course of descent, the common law, of which custom is the life, now gave them title to prescribe against the lords; and, on performance of the same services, to hold their lands, in spite of any determination of the lord's will. For though in general they are still said to hold their estates at the will of the lord, yet it is such a will as is agreeable to the custom of the manor; which customs are preserved and evidenced by the rolls of the several courts baron in which they are entered, or kept on foot by the constant immemorial usage of the several manors in which the lands lie. And, as such tenants had nothing to shew for their estates but these customs, and admissions in pursuance of them, entered on those rolls, or the copies of such entries witnessed by the steward, they now

began to be called 'tenants by copy of court roll,' and their tenure itself a copyhold.

Thus copyhold tenures, as Sir Edward Coke observes, although very meanly descended, yet come of an ancient house; for, from what has been premised it appears, that copyholders are in truth no other but villeins, who, by a long series of immemorial encroachments on the lord, have at last established a customary right to those estates, which before were held absolutely at the lord's will; which affords a very substantial reason for the great variety of customs that prevail in different manors, with regard both to the descent of the estates, and the privileges belonging to the tenants. And these encroachments grew to be so universal, that when tenure in villenage was abolished, (though copyholds were reserved) by the statute of Charles II. there was hardly a pure villein left in the nation. For Sir Thomas Smith testifies, that in all his time (and he was secretary to Edward VI.) he never knew any villein in gross throughout the realm; and the few villeins regardant that were then remaining, were such only as had belonged to bishops, monasteries, or other ecclesiastical corporations, in the preceding times of popery. For he tells us, that "the holy fathers, monks, and friars, had in their confessions, and specially in their extreme and deadly sickness, convinced the laity how dangerous a practice it was, for one Christian man to hold another in bondage: so that temporal men by little and little, by reason of that terror in their consciences, were glad to manumit all their villeins. But the said holy fathers, with the abbots and priors, did not in like sort by theirs; for they also had a scruple in conscience to impoverish and despoil the church so much, as to manumit such as were bound to their churches, or to the manors which the church had gotten; and so kept their villeins still." By these several means the generality of villeins in the kingdom have long ago sprouted up into copyholders: their persons being enfranchised by manumission or long acquiescence; but their estates, in strictness, remaining subject to the same servile conditions and forfeitures as before; though, in general, the villein services are usually commuted for a small pecuniary quit-rent.

As a farther consequence of what has been premised, we may collect these two main principles, which are held to be the supporters of a copyhold tenure, and

without which it cannot exist; 1. That the lands be parcel of, and situate within, that manor, under which it is held: 2. That they have been demised, or demisable, by copy of court roll immemorially. For immemorial custom is the life of all tenures by copy: so that no new copyhold can, strictly speaking, be granted at this day.

In some manors, where the custom hath been to permit the heir to succeed the ancestor in his tenure, the estates are styled copyholds of inheritance; in others, where the lords have been more vigilant to maintain their rights, they remain copyholds for life only: for the custom of the manor has in both cases so far superseded the will of the lord, that, provided the services be performed or stipulated for by fealty, he cannot, in the first instance, refuse to admit the heir of his tenant upon his death; nor, in the second, can he remove his present tenant so long as he lives, though he holds nominally by the precarious tenure of his lord's will.

The fruits and appendages of a copyhold tenure, that it hath in common with free tenures, are fealty, services (as well in rents as otherwise) reliefs, and escheats. The two latter belong only to copyholds of inheritance; the former to those for life also. But, besides these, copyholds have also heriots, wardship, and fines. Heriots, which I think are agreed to be a Danish custom, are a render of the best beast or other good (as the custom may be) to the lord on the death of the tenant. This is plainly a relic of villein tenure; there being originally less hardship in it, when all the goods and chattels belonged to the lord, and he might have seized them even in the villein's life-time. These are incident to both species of copyhold; but wardship and fines to those of inheritance only. Wardship, in copyhold estates, partakes both of that in chivalry and that in socage. Like that in chivalry, the lord is the legal guardian, who usually assigns some relation of the infant tenant to act in his stead: and he, like guardian in socage, is accountable to his ward for the profits. Of fines, some are in the nature of primer feifins, due on the death of each tenant, others are mere fines for alienation of the lands; in some manors only one of these sorts can be demanded, in some both, and in others neither. They are sometimes arbitrary and at the will of the lord, sometimes fixed by custom: but, even when arbitrary, the courts of law, in fa-

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vour of the liberty of copyholders, have tied them down to be *reasonable* in their extent; otherwise they might amount to a ditherion of the estate. No fine therefore is allowed to be taken upon descents and alienations, (unless in particular circumstances) of more than two years improved value of the estate. From this instance we may judge of the favourable disposition, that the law of England (which is a law of liberty) hath always shewn to this species of tenants; by removing, as far as possible, every real

badge of slavery from them, however some nominal ones may continue. It suffered custom very early to get the better of the express terms upon which they held their lands; by declaring, that the will of the lord was to be interpreted by the custom of the manor: and, where no custom has been suffered to grow up to the prejudice of the lord, as in this case of arbitrary fines, the law itself interposes in an equitable method, and will not suffer the lord to extend his power so far as to disinherit the tenant.



A N E C D O T E S.

The Reward of Villainy.

A POOR French cottager, who had a few pounds left him, and whose wife lay-in, was obliged to go to Aix for a few days upon business. In the way he met an old friend, whom he informed of the legacy, desiring also that he would call at home, and purchase for his wife such things as she might want. When he entered the cottage, after the customary salutations, he asked the woman for the money. She replied, that they being very poor, could ill spare it, but if he was in real necessity, she would *lend* it him. He returned for answer, he meant not to *borrow*, but to take it for his own use, and insisted upon knowing where it was.---It was in vain for a person in her condition to expostulate with the villain, she therefore pointed to the cupboard, and he took it: then turning to her, said, "This is not all; you must prepare for death, and chuse whether you will be burned, poisoned, or hanged." The woman was amazed at the cruelty and barbarity of the villain's proposal, and beseeched him to go away, solemnly declaring, that she would sooner die than discover the robber to her husband. He behaved resolute and determined; and she, forced at last to accept the horrible choice, preferred hanging. The villain immediately retired to a little out-house, taking with him a cord and a stool, upon which he stood to fasten the cord to a cross-beam. Whilst he was making the noose, the stool slipped from him, and his right hand was caught in the noose, and held him suspended. He then, in the most humble manner, called to the woman, and intreated her to come and release him, and he would return all the money, and quietly go away. She, affrighted and terrified at the villain's voice, who she had

flattered herself had relented of his wicked purpose, and gone off, screamed so very loud as to be heard by some distant cottagers, who immediately came to her relief. To them, after having broke open the door, which he had locked, she related the above story. They went immediately to the out-house, where they saw him suspended; they took him down, and carried him to Aix, where he was tried, and broke upon the wheel.

The Doctor.

WHEN Boris Goudonove, Grand Duke of Muscovy, was ill of the gout, he promised great rewards to those who could procure a remedy for it.---It happened, that the wife of a countryman, who had been treated rather cruelly by her husband, heard of the Grand Duke's promises; and being willing to play her husband a trick, she industriously gave out, that he had an excellent specific for the gout, but had so little love for his Majesty, he would not give it him. The intelligence soon got to the ears of the Duke, and the man was summoned to court; in vain did he protest his ignorance; he was whipped till the blood came, and thrown into prison. He complained heavily of his wife, but she had told her story first; and after suffering many cruelties, he was at last told, that he must either communicate his medicine or prepare to die. The poor wretch, finding his ruin was unavoidable, made a pretended confession that he knew some remedies, but had been afraid to employ them for his Majesty; and that if they would allow him fifteen days, he would get them in readiness. Having obtained his request, he sent to Czirbick, upon the river Occa, (being two days journey from Moscow) whence he procured a quantity of herbs, bad as well as good, of which having prepared a bath, the Grand Duke made

made use of it, and recovered his health.

The supposition that the man's obstinate refusal had proceeded merely from malice, was now confirmed into a certainty; and for this reason they whipped him still more severely than the two former times; but the Grand Duke afterwards made him a present of four hundred crowns, and of eighteen peasants, as

his own property, with a strict charge that he should bear no further animosity or resentment to his wife;—a charge to which he implicitly submitted: for, as the story is told, they lived together many years after in strict friendship and harmony.

[Moliere's French play, from whence Fielding had his Mock Doctor, was taken from this story.]

NEW THEATRICAL PIECE.

H A Y - M A R K E T.

WHEN the time approached for opening Mr. Foote's Theatre in the Haymarket for this summer, expectation filled the minds of men, and all were eager for the commencement of a season, which seemed likely to furnish them with abundance of entertainment. The characters of mankind,---their follies, their extravagances and vices,---had been daily rising to a greater degree of notoriety, and had given ample scope for the pen of a dramatic writer; yet,---notwithstanding these advantages,---Mr. Foote has suffered a considerable part of the season to elapse, without giving us a new performance. At length, however, he has taken up the pen, and has obliged the world with a very humorous and satirical piece, which he has called

The COZENERS;

in allusion to the general tho' infamous practice of deceiving the credulous, and chousing them out of their money, on pretence of procuring for them any place or appointment they should desire.

The opening of the play exhibits one of these offices, kept by Mrs. Fleece'em, who had lately returned from transportation, and Flaw, an Old Bailey Solicitor.

[By the character of Fleece'em is meant the NOTED Mrs. G---ve, whose abilities for imposition stand high upon the list of Fame. The following is one of her late manœuvres:—Having for a long time treated her visitants with mere promises for their money, they began to suspect her pretended influence at court, and hinted to her, that none of the ministry or their dependants ever came to see her. The dame observed the hint, and saw the necessity of having an ostensible acquaintance with the courtiers; she therefore set her invention to work, and resolved to make Mr. Ch---s F---her dupe; and for this purpose she sent him a letter to the following effect:

"SIR, ——— Street, 1774.

"A lucky accident has put a treasure into my possession, and given me an opportunity of

serving a man of honour. Beauty and youth, with every charm that nature can bestow, are now within your reach;—I need not be more explicit—Come to me at eight, and I'll procure you an interview.—Be punctual, and be happy. G---ve."

It were needless to say that Charles was true to his time—he came in a sedan, and was admitted. At the same time, numbers of Mrs. G---ve's deluded customers came by her own appointment, some of whom knew Charles; and when the GOOD LADY sent them word, that an unexpected visit from a GENTLEMAN prevented her from seeing them, his name was soon made known, and Mr. F---being then in place, they all went away satisfied of her ministerial connections.

Charles, also, was deceived; but by what kind of artifice is not exactly known.]

The first who comes for their assistance is Mr. Flanagan, an Irishman, who tells them, that many of his countrymen at home having emigrated to America, he intends to travel *post* thither himself, and begs them to procure him a place. He is offered the post of Collector of the Window-Lights in Falkland's Island; but disliking a sea-voyage, is promised a Tide-Waiter's place at an inland town of America, where he is to have plenty of *tar* and *feathers*, the usual perquisite of Excise Collectors in those parts. Flanagan is elated with the prospect, and leaving, by way of deposit, a bill for 50*l.* which he says is payable *at sight, fourteen days after date*, he gives place to

Moses Manasses, a Jew, who has been several times *black-balled* in attempting to get into the fashionable gaming-clubs.---He is prevailed upon to give Fleece'em a few lottery-tickets, and departs with great hopes of her getting him admitted.

Then comes the obliging Mrs. Simony, a character intended for the lady of Dr. D---, the discovery of whose application to the Lord Chancellor for the living of St. G---ge, H-----r Square, has lately been reported in the *Chronicles of Scandal*. She tells Mrs. Fleece'em that she is come

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without her husband's knowledge, to procure a living for him, and as there is a *foncebody* who has the power of giving them, she entreats the good matron's assistance in behalf of *her Doctor*. The following description of the Doctor is then introduced:

Mrs. Simony. O Lord, Ma'am, all the world doats upon my Doctor; was you but to hear him preach, you would expire! in one hand a delicious white handkerchief; on the little finger of the other, a diamond ring!—then he waves himself, this way, and then that way—Now he thrusts himself forward with the greatest ardour—now draws backward with submissive diffidence! Why, he preaches all extemporare; he does not pore with his eyes close to the book, like a worn-out Curate, when strumming over the first lesson! Then my Doctor is short and sweet; he gives the ladies nothing but what they can carry away with them—Oh, he's a prodigious populous preacher! Then such a comfortable swallow! He has none of your squeamish stomachs; he has signed the Thirty-nine Articles, and would sign nine times as many more, could he by that means carry his point. None of the rabble attends him; no, the canting Methodists will do for them; none but Parions of distinction, I assure you, Ma'am, go to hear my Doctor; yet he is so humble, that he would make no scruple to bury a Tradesman, was he not engaged in a Quadrille party; nay, he would christen a Duke's child, as readily as attend a City Feast; and he actually performs a vast number of in-door christenings—Then, Ma'am, his Wig! Oh you will doat on his dear Wig! None of your bushy frights! none of your waving curls that hang like the hair of a Newfoundland Dog! The curls are close as a Cauliflower, and it flies off so snug that you may fee his dear round rosy cheeks to the utmost advantage! But I almost forgot my errand; as my Doctor justly observes, my memory is “too treacherous to carry away the text;” and I have not a moment to spare; my chair is in waiting, and I promised Lady Bab to be one at her table. Well, Ma'am, you will not forget—your comprehend me—be secret—for even the Doctor knows nothing of the matter.

She then departs, leaving Mrs. Fleece'em a folded paper, which she calls a Hymn.

On opening the paper, to look at the hymn, she discovers it to be a bank-note for rool. on which she wishes all hymns were set to the same tune.

The audience are then presented with the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Aircastle, and their son Toby; a booby of a country squire, (something like Tony Lumpkin in *She Stoops to Conquer*) who is brought to London by his father and mother, to marry to advantage. By the artifices of Flaw, they are introduced to Mrs. Fleece'em, who, he says, has a niece just

returned from the East-Indies immensely rich. The previous matters being agreed on, Toby is to visit the niece, who is in fact nothing but a Negro Servant of Mrs. Fleece'em's. She is ordered by her mistress to retire to a chamber, to lie down on the bed, darken the room by letting down the window curtains, and to draw the bed curtains round her. Toby is then ushered into the chamber, very ceremoniously, and requested “not to disturb the niece,” who, as pretended, is rather indisposed. This affords a truly ludicrous scene; Toby gropes about the room for some time to find out the Lady, at length stumbles against the bed, and seizing the *black band* of Mariamne, he addresses her, “*Fairest of creatures! let me kiss this Lily hand!*” Toby then interrogates the supposed niece thus:

Toby. Do you like as how I should be your husband?

Mariamne. No.

Toby. So then we are all off! Will you let me make love to you?

Mariamne. Yes.

Toby. So then, we are all on again! Shall I declare my passion?

Mariamne. Yes.

Toby. O! then I'll produce.

On which he presents Mariamne with several presents, amongst the rest a watch, which, he says, “If you push a little thing, will strike for all the world like a Clock.” Toby at length grows curious to see his fair incognita, for which purpose he gropes from the bed-side to the window, draws up the window-curtain, and turning round, is shocked with the sight of a Black-a-moor, and runs off the stage.

Mrs. Aircastle is a Lady full of vivacity, and has a fine turn for intrigue; and while her son's matrimonial negotiation is on foot, resolving, like the Town Ladies, to make the most of her person, she writes to Col. Gorget, whom she has seen in the country, inviting him to an interview, and requesting of him a loan of soul. Gorget contrives to borrow the money of Mr. Aircastle, and taking it to the Lady, he gains an interview.

Mr. Aircastle (the character which Mr. Foote plays) is a good-natured loquacious man, ever going from his subject, and in business of the utmost importance introducing stories, which he never concludes. This part of his character is finely displayed towards the conclusion of the play, when Toby's disaster raises a general suspicion of the villainy of Flaw and Fleece'em. When Col. Gorget relates his suspicions to Mr. Aircastle, he begins

begins a story of Dick Somebody, who was tricked out of a large sum by a Jew Broker at the time of a city election, when there was a devilish bustle upon the Hustings; but Gorget interrupts him, by saying it is no time for telling stories.

Flaw hearing that they began to suspect his villainy, makes off, as does Mrs. Fleece'em also; but she is soon brought back by Flanaghan, the Irishman, who tells Aircastle and his family that he luckily overtook her just as she met him hard by.

He demands the return of his gold, and abuses Fleece'em for her design of sending him to a place where he was to be *feather'd like an ostrich*. Mr. Aircastle instantly begins a story about *ostriches*, saying he remembered a man who was very fond of them—but is interrupted by Gorget's trying to make Mrs. Fleece'em confess.

Mrs. Simony then enters, and enquires of Fleece'em for the Hymn she had left; to which she archly replies, she had given it to Flaw, to have it set to music. This brings on a recital of the transaction, and all parties agree, "That Dr. Simony has met only with his deserts;" for it is urged that when a Clergyman, who pretends to be the *ornament*, becomes, by low tricks of *Cozenage*, the *disgrace* of his profession, public exposure should follow private detection, and both should contribute to mark with infamy an object at once the pest and discredit of society."

The general explanation now brought on, excites Aircastle to require of Colonel Gorget after "the five hundred pounds he lent him to present to a Lady;" to which Gorget says, he repaid the sum into the hands of Mrs. Aircastle.

Each party then determine on the steps they will in future take. Flanaghan resolves to "*emigrate* back to his own country." Mrs. Simony retires to console with her *Doctor* over dear Spadille. Aircastle resolves to return to the Country; to which his wife heartily agrees, "as the Town abounds with nothing but *Cozeners*." Gorget concurs in her opinion, and adds, "that there are some plants which vegetate best in their native soil; but grow *rank*, if transplanted."

An universal detection having thus taken place, the Piece concludes with a reflection, pronounced by Fleece'em, who observes, "That were the many fraudulent practices committed in the Town laid open to public view, names far more respectable than those of poor Flaw and Fleece'em would grace the Chronicles of the Old Bailey."

PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. GARRICK; and
spoken by Mr. FOOTE.

IN trifling works of fancy, wits agree
That nothing tickles like a simile!
And so, by way of tuning you to laughter,
(With which I hope you'll tinkle us hereafter)
We, from our storehouse, with submission
due,

To your High Mightinesses offer two,
One spick and span, and one trimm'd up to
pafs for new.

Happy for us that similes, like clothes,
May now be trimm'd, and turn'd for verse or
prose:

And true economists in clothes and wit,
In these scarce times on some expedient hit,
That the same clothes which critics once call'd
frightful,

With cape and buttons new, come forth
delightful!

Dramatic authors were like watchmen
meant,

To knock down vice—few answer the intent;
Both should be quick to find and catch their
game;

But both are sometimes blind—and sometimes
lame,

Can those say, *STAND!* while they themselves
are reeling?

Can those take thieves, while they themselves
are stealing?

When wanted most, the watch a nap will take;
Are all your comic authors quite awake?

Or, what is worse, in which they still come
near 'em,

Are not you more than half asleep who
hear 'em?

I, your old watchman, here have fix'd
my stand,

On many a vice and folly laid my hand;
'Twas you call'd Watch! I limp'd at your
command.

Shall I, like other watchmen, wink at crimes,
And have my privilege—to nod sometimes?

Let not your frowns now force me, in a fright,
To cry,—“past seven o'clock, and a cloudy
night!”

But with your patience not to make too
free,

I'll change the subject and the simile.

To fight a smuggling crew, who law deride,
I launch a cutter, of three guns, this tide;

With your assistance, I will make the foe
Or fly, or strike to Captain Timbertoe!

Ye pirate Critics! fall not foul on me,
If once I sink, I perish in the sea;

Nor will it buoy me up that bladder vanity!
Impossible thus main'd to get to shore,

I've but three fins to swim with out of four.
Besides, 'tis dangerous, I find, to sleep

Myself, and ship, in brine twelve fathom
deep;

My head I'd rather above water keep.
Oit have you kept my little bark from
sinking;

I am no fish—save me from water drinking!
Nay, I shall weather all—to port get in,
If, with your hands, you'll but hold up my
chin.

The LITERARY REVIEW.

AN. 8. *A Tour in Scotland, and Voyage to the Hebrides**; 1772. 4to. 1l. 4s.

THE account of Mr. Pennant's former Tour in Scotland; afforded so much public satisfaction, that we shall accompany him with great pleasure on his second excursion to the North, particularly to islands which are so little known as the Hebrides.

On May 18, 1772, this ingenious traveller took his departure from Chester, and arrived in Scotland, on the first of June, in Liddesdale, a portion of the county of Dumfries. This, he informs us, is a most fertile and well cultivated tract of low arable and pasture land. He proceeded by the side of the river Liddel for three miles to Pentonlins, when it forms a very wild and picturesque scene, rapidly flowing along rude rocks, bounded by cliffs, clothed on each side by trees. Our author was here told by a farmer, that a pebble, naturally perforated, was an infallible cure, hung over a horse that was hag-ridden, or troubled with night sweats. The effects of amulets, and the like charms, are justly ascribed to the influence which they had on the imagination; but no such power can be supposed to operate in this case.

Near Langholme, our author was shewn a place where several women had suffered for witchcraft in the last century: and he informs us of a singular opinion that prevailed not many years ago in these parts; which was, as he expresses it, 'that the midwives had the power of transferring the primæval curse bestowed on our great first mother, from the good wife to her husband.' He saw the reputed offspring of such a labour; who kindly came into the world without giving her mother the least uneasiness, while the poor husband was roaring with agony in his unnatural pains. It appears from these instances, that superstition is not entirely extirpated from among the common people in this part of the country.

We cannot avoid extracting our author's account of the obsolete practice of handfasting.

"Among the various customs now obso-

* The number, extent, and situation of these islands render them an object highly worthy of particular attention. The Hebrides, we are informed, are equal in size to the counties of Kent and Essex taken together, and near half as large as the whole territories of the United Provinces. How much, therefore, might the strength and opulence of Britain be increased by increasing the spirit of industry in these unutilized, and many of them almost uninhabited islands?

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lete, the most curious was that of handfasting, in use about a century past. In the upper part of Eskdale, at the confluence of the White and the Black Esk, was held an annual fair, where multitudes of each sex repaired. The unmarried looked out for mates, made their engagements by joining hands, or by handfasting, went off in pairs, cohabited till the next annual return of the fair, appeared there again, and then were at liberty to declare their approbation or dislike of each other. If each party continued constant, the handfasting was renewed for life: but if either party dissented, the engagement was void, and both were at liberty to make a new choice; but with this proviso, that the inconstant was to take the charge of the offspring of the year of probation. This custom seemed to originate from the want of clergy in this county in the days of popery: this tract was the property of the abbey of Melrose, which thro' economy discontinued the vicars that were used to discharge here the clerical offices: instead, they only made annual visitations for the purposes of marrying and baptizing, and the person thus sent, was called Book in Bosom, probably from his carrying, by way of readiness, the book in his breast: but even this being omitted, the inhabitants became necessitated at first to take this method, which they continued from habit to practise long after the reformation had furnished them with clergy."

For the entertainment of our readers we shall present them with the subsequent passage, which is of a nature somewhat similar to the preceding.

"At a little distance from the bridge, stop at the little village of Grarna, the resort of all amorous couples, whose union the prudence of parents or guardians prohibits: here the young pair may be instantly united by a fisherman, a joiner, or a blacksmith, who marry from two guineas a job, to a dram of whisky: but the price is generally adjusted by the information of the postillions from Carlisle, who are in pay of one or other of the above worthies: but even the drivers, in case of necessity, have been known to undertake the sacerdotal office. If the pursuit of friends proves very hot, and there is not time for the ceremony, the frightened pair are advised to slip into bed; are thrown to the pursuers, who imagining that they are irrecoverably united, retire, and leave them to consummate their unfinished loves.

"The place is distinguished from afar by a small plantation of firs, the Cyprian grove of the place, a sort of land-mark for fugitive

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lovers. As I had a great desire to see the high-priest, by stratagem I succeeded: he appeared in form of a fisherman, a stout fellow, in a blue coat, rolling round his solemn chops a quid of tobacco of no common size. One of our party was supposed to come to explore the coast; we questioned him about his price, which, after eyeing us attentively, he left it to our honor. The church of Scotland do what they can to prevent these clandestine matches; but in vain, for these infamous couplers despise the fulmination of the kirk, and excommunication is the only penalty it can inflict."

From the dismal account which Mr. Pennant gives of the situation of the common people in the life of Skie, we are not surprised that they emigrate. We shall lay it before our readers at full length.

"Skie is the largest of the Hebrides, being above sixty incasured miles long; the breadth unequal, by reason of the numbers of lochs, that penetrate far on both sides. It is supposed by some to have been the Eastern *Æbude* of the antients; by others, to have been the Dumno. The modern name is of Norwegian origin, derived from *Skie*, a mist; and from the clouds (that almost constantly hang on the tops of its lofty hills) was styled *Eland skianach*, or, the cloudy island. No epithet could better suit the place, for, except in the summer season, there is scarcely a week of fair weather: the summers themselves are also generally wet, and seldom warm.

"The westerly wind blows here more regularly than any other, and arriving charged with vapour from the vast Atlantic, never fails to dash the clouds it wafts on the lofty summits of the hills of Cuchullin, and their contents deluge the island in a manner unknown in other places. What is properly called the rainy season commences in August: the rains begin with moderate winds; which grow stronger and stronger till the autumnal equinox, when they rage with incredible fury.

"The husbandman then sighs over the ruins of his vernal labours: sees his crops feel the injury of climate: some laid prostrate; the more ripe corn shed by the violence of the elements. The poor foresee famine, and consequential disease: the humane tacksmen agonize over distresses, that inability, not want of inclination, deprive them of the power of remedying. The nearer calls of family and children naturally first excite their attention: to maintain and to educate are all their hopes, for that of accumulating wealth is beyond their expectation: so the poor are left to Providence's care; they prowl like other animals along the shores to pick up limpets and other shell-fish, the casual repairs of hundreds during part of the year in these unhappy islands. Hundreds thus annually drag through the season a wretched life: and numbers, unknown in all parts of the western highlands (nothing local is intended) fall beneath the pressure, fierce of

hunger, more of the putrid fever, the epidemic of the coasts, originating from unwholesome food, the dire effects of necessity. Moral and innocent victims! who exult in the change, first finding that place "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest."

"The farmer labours to remedy this distress to the best of his power, but the wetness of the land late in spring prevents him from putting into the ground the early seed of future crops, bear and small oats; the last are fittest for the climate: they bear the fury of the winds better than other grain, and require less manure, a deficiency in this island. Poverty prevents him from making experiments in rural economy; the ill success of a few made by the more opulent, determines him to follow the old track, as attended with more certainty, unwilling, like the dog in the fable, to grasp at the shadow and lose the substance, even poor as it is.

"The produce of the crops very rarely are in any degree proportioned to the wants of the inhabitants: golden seasons have happened, when they have had superfluity; but the years of famine are as ten to one. The helps of the common years are potatoes: it is difficult to say whether the discovery of America by the Spaniards has contributed to preserve more lives by the introduction of this vegetable; or to have caused more to perish by the insatiable lust after the precious metals of the new world.

"The difficulties the farmer undergoes in this bad climate are unknown in the South: there he sows his seeds, and sees it flourish beneath a benign sun and secured from every invasion. Here a wet sky brings a reluctant crop; the ground, inclosed only with turf mounds, accessible to every animal; a continual watch employs numbers of his people; some again are occupied in repairing the damages sustained by their houses from storms the preceding year; others are labouring at the turberies, to provide fuel to keep off the rigour of the severe season; or in fencing the natural (the only) grasses of the country to preserve their cattle from starving; which are the true and proper staple of these islands.

"The quantity of corn raised in tolerable seasons in this island, is esteemed to be about nine thousand bolls. The number of mouths to consume them near thirteen thousand: migrations and depression of spirit, the last a common cause of depopulation, having since the year 1750 reduced the number from fifteen thousand to between twelve and thirteen: one thousand having crossed the Atlantic; others sunk beneath poverty, or in despair, ceased to obey the first great command, Encrease and Multiply.

"In that year the whole rent of Skie was three thousand five hundred pounds. By an unnatural force some of the rents are now doubled and trebled. People long out of all habit of industry, and used to the convivial

[Aug.

1774.]

MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

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tables of their chieftain, were unable instantly to support so new a burden: in time not very long preceding that, they felt the return of some of their rents; they were enabled to keep hospitality; to receive their chieftain with a well covered board; and to feed a multitude of poor. Many of the greater tackmen were of the same blood with their chieftains; they were attached to them by the ties of consanguinity as well as affection; they felt from them the first act of oppression, as Caesar did the wound from his beloved Brutus.

"The high advance of the price of cattle is a plea for the high advance of rents; but the situation of the tackman here is particular: he is a gentleman, and boasts the same blood with his laird; (of five hundred fighting men that followed Macleod in 1745 in his majesty's army, four hundred were of his kindred) has been cherished by him for a series of years often with paternal affection; has been used to such luxuries as the place affords; and cannot instantly sink from a good board to the hard fare of the common farmer. When the chieftain riots in all the luxuries of South Britain, he thinks himself entitled to share a due degree of the good things of this life, and not to be for ever confined to the diet of Brochan or the computation of whisky. During the feudal reign their love for the chieftain induced them to bear many things, at present intolerable. He was their pride and their glory: they strained every nerve in support of him, in the same manner as the French, through vanity, refuse nothing to aggrandize their Grand Monarque.

"Repentment drove many to seek a retreat beyond the Atlantic; they sold their stock, and in numbers made their first essay. They found, or thought they found, while their passions were warm, an happy change of situation; they wrote in terms favouring of romance, an account of their situation; their friends caught the contagion; and numbers followed; and others were preparing to follow their example. The tackmen from a motive of independency: the poor from attachment, and from excess of misery. Policy and humanity, as I am informed, have of late checked this spirit so detrimental to the public. The wisdom of legislature may perhaps fall on some methods to conciliate the affections of a valuable part of the community: it is unbecoming my little knowledge of the country to presume to point out the methods. It is to be hoped the head will, while time permits, recollect the use of the most distant members."

Our author's account of the character and civilization of these islanders presents us with a more agreeable prospect.

"Very few superstitions exist here at present: pretenders to second-sight are quite out of repute, except among the most ignorant, and at present are very shy of making boast of their faculties.

"Poor Browne, or Robin Good-fellow, is also put to flight. This servicable sprite was wont to clean the houses, helped to churn, thrashed the corn, and would be-labour all that pretended to make a jest of him. He was represented as stout and blooming, had fine long flowing hair, and went about with a wand in his hand. He was the very counter-part of Milton's Lubber Fiend, who

"Tells how the drudging goblin sweats

To earn his cream-bowl duly fet,

When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,

His shadowy flate hath thrash'd the corn

That ten day-lab'ers could not end;

Then lies him down the lubber fiend,

And stretch'd along the chimney's length,

Balks at the fire his hairy strength."

Mr. Pennant informs us, that the country of Sutherland is environed with mountains; and all the strata near their base, and in the bottoms, are composed of white marble, fine as the Parian.

We shall conclude this article with laying before our readers the following account of the Highland customs and robbers.

"There is not an instance of any country having made so sudden a change in its morals, as the vast tracts between Arndfale and Lochnefs, Security and civilization possess every part; yet thirty years have not elapsed since the whole was a den of thieves, of the most extraordinary kind. They conducted their plundering excursions with the utmost policy, and reduced the whole art of theft into a regular system. From habit it lost all the appearance of criminality: They considered it as labouring in their vocation; and when a party was formed for any expedition against their neighbour's property, they and their friends prayed as earnestly to heaven for success, as if they were engaged in the most laudable design.

"The constant petition at grace of the old Highland chieftains, was delivered with great fervour in these terms: *Lord! turn the world upside down, that Christians may make bread out of it!* The plain English of this pious request was, that the world might become, for their benefit, a scene of rapine and confusion.

"They paid a sacred regard to their oath; but as superstition must, among a set of *banditti*, infallibly supersede piety, each, like the distinct casts of Indians, had his particular object of veneration: one would swear upon his *dirk*, and dread the penalty of perjury; yet make no scruple of forswearing himself upon the Bible: a second would pay the same respect to the name of his chieftain: a third, again, would be most religiously bound by the sacred book: and a fourth regard none of the three, and be credited only if he swore by his crucifix. It was always necessary to discover the inclination of the person, before you put him to the test: if the object of his veneration was mistaken, the oath was of no signification.

"The greatest robbers were used to preserve hospitality to those that came to their houses, and, like the wild Arabs, observed the strictest honour towards their guests, or those that put implicit confidence in them. The Kennedies, two common thieves, took the young Pretender under protection, and kept him with faith inviolate, notwithstanding they knew an immense reward was offered for his head. They often robbed for his support, and to supply him with linen they once surprized the baggage horses of one of our general officers. They often went in disguise to Inverness to buy provisions for him. At length, a very considerable time after, one of these poor fellows, who had virtue to resist the temptation of thirty thousand pounds, was hanged for stealing a cow, value thirty shillings.

"The greatest crime among these felons was that of infidelity among themselves: the criminal underwent a summary trial, and, if convicted, never missed of a capital punishment. The chieftain had his officers, and different departments of government; he had his judge, to whom he entrusted the decision of all civil disputes; but in criminal causes, the chief, assisted perhaps by some favourites, always undertook the process.

"The principal men of his family, or his officers, formed his council, where every thing was debated respecting their expeditions. Eloquence was held in great esteem among them, for by that they could sometimes work on the chieftain to change his opinion; for, notwithstanding he kept the form of a council, he always reserved the decisive vote in himself.

"When one man had a claim on another, but wanted power to make it good, it was held lawful for him to steal from his debtor as many cattle as would satisfy his demand; provided he sent notice, as soon as he got out of reach of pursuit, that he had them, and would return them, provided satisfaction was made on a certain day agreed on.

"When a *crack*, or great expedition, had been made against distant herds, the owners, as soon as discovery was made, rose in arms, and with all their friends made instant pursuit, tracing the cattle by their track for perhaps scores of miles. Their nicety in distinguishing that of their cattle from those that were only casually wandering, or driven, was amazingly sagacious. As soon as they arrived on an estate where the track was lost, they immediately attacked the proprietor, and would oblige him to recover the track from his land forwards, or to make good the loss they had sustained. This custom had the force of law, which gave to the Highlanders this surprising skill in the art of tracking.

"It has been observed before, that to steal, rob, and plunder with dexterity, was esteemed as the highest act of heroism. The feuds between the great families was one great cause. There was not a chieftain but that

kept, in some remote valley in the depth of woods and rocks, whole tribes of thieves in readiness to let loose against his neighbours, when, for some public or private reason, he did not judge it expedient to resent openly any real or imaginary affront. From this motive the greater chieftain robbers always supported the lesser, and encouraged no sort of improvement on their estates but what promoted rapine.

"The greatest of the heroes in the last century was Sir Ewin Cameron. He long resisted the power of Cromwell, but at length was forced to submit. He lived in the neighbourhood of the garrison fixed by the usurper at Inver-lochy. His vassals persisted in their thefts, till Cromwell sent orders to the commanding officer, that on the next robbery he should seize on the chieftain, and execute him in twenty-four hours, in case the thief was not delivered to justice. An act of rapine soon happened: Sir Ewin received the message, who, instead of giving himself the trouble of looking out for the offender, laid hold of the first fellow he met with, and sent him bound to Inver-lochy, where he was instantly hanged. Cromwell, by this severity, put a stop to these excesses, till the time of the restoration, when they were renewed with double violence, till the year 1745.

"Rob-Roy Mac-gregor was another distinguished hero in the latter end of the last, and the beginning of the present century. He contributed greatly towards forming his profession into a science, and establishing the police above-mentioned. The duke of Montrose unfortunately was his neighbour: Rob-roy frequently saved his grace the trouble of collecting his rents; used to extort them from the tenant, and at the same time give them formal discharge. But it was neither in the power of the duke, nor of any of the gentlemen he plundered, to bring him to justice, so strongly protected was he by several great men to whom he was useful. Roy had his good qualities: he spent his revenue generously, and, strange to say, was a true friend to the widow and orphan.

"Every period of time gives new improvement to the arts. A son of Sir Ewin Cameron refined on those of Rob-roy, and, instead of dissipating his gains, accumulated wealth. He, like Jonathan Wild the Great, never stole with his own hands, but conducted his commerce with an address, and to an extent unknown before. He employed several companies, and set the more adroit knaves at their head; and never suffered merit to go unrewarded. He never openly received their plunder; but employed agents to purchase from them their cattle. He acquired considerable property, which he was forced to leave behind, after the battle of Culloden gave the fatal blow to all their greatness.

"The last of any eminence was the celebrated Barisdale, who carried these arts to

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the highest pitch of perfection: besides ex-
alting all the common practices, he improved
that article of commerce called *blackmail* to
a degree beyond what was ever known to his
predecessors. This was a forced levy, so
called from its being commonly paid in meal,
which was raised far and wide on the estate
of every nobleman and gentleman, in order
that the cattle might be secured from the
lesser thieves, over whom he secretly pre-
sided, and protected. He raised an income
of five hundred a year by these taxes, and
behaved with genuine honour in restoring,
on proper consideration, the stolen cattle of
his friends. In this he bore some resem-
blance to our Jonathan; but differed in ob-
serving a strict fidelity to his own gang: yet
he was indefatigable in bringing to justice
any rogues that interfered with his own. He
was a man of a polished behaviour, fine ad-
dress, and fine person. He considered him-
self in a very high light, as a benefactor to
the public, and preserver of general tran-
quillity; for on the silver plates, the orna-
ments of his baldric, he thus addresses his
broad sword:

*Hæ tibi erunt artes: pacis componere mores,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.*"

The numerous scenes which this ingenious
traveller and voyager has visited in this ex-
cursion, are described in a faithful and enter-
taining manner, and cannot fail of affording
pleasure to every reader of taste.—*Crit. Rev.*

9. *A Philosophical Analysis and Illustration of
some of Shakspeare's remarkable Characters.*
Rev. 2s. 6d. Murray.

WE sincerely congratulate the friends of
learning and philosophy, on the appearance
of this young and spirited candidate for lit-
erary honour and fame.* He has chosen to
enlist himself in a band, already supposed to
be too numerous, the commentators and crit-
icks upon Shakspeare: but a man of genuine
merit will do honour to his station, be what
it may; and throw a lustre about him where-
ever he moves. We cannot help viewing
this young man with a mixture of love and
admiration, carrying a philosophical and clas-
sical taste into subjects which have been ge-
nerally treated in the detached, dry, and un-
entertaining manner of notes and commen-
taries. We hope the following pieces are
only specimens of his productions in this
way; and that they will lead other ingeni-
ous men to quit their contentions upon
words, to make criticism subservient to phi-
losophy, and not merely to philology and
grammar.

The introduction is replete with excellent
observations on the human mind; and af-
fords the reader a very pleasing view both of
the abilities and design of the author. Mr.

* Mr. Richardson, Professor of Humanity in
the university of Glasgow.

Richardson then proceeds to give what he
very justly calls a philosophical analysis of
the character of Macbeth. There is hardly
a page of the book, which we might not
quote for the entertainment of the reader.
But perhaps we cannot please him more and
instruct him better in the general design of
every analysis, than by giving him the au-
thor's own summary, after he has considered
the several parts of every character.—He
concludes his observations on Macbeth in
the following words:

"Thus, by considering the rise and pro-
gress of a ruling passion, and the fatal con-
sequences of its indulgence, we have shewn,
how a beneficent mind may become inhu-
man: and how those who are naturally of
an amiable temper, if they suffer themselves
to be corrupted, will become more ferocious
and more unhappy than men of a constitution
originally hard and unfeeling. The forma-
tion of our characters depends considerably
upon ourselves; for we may improve, or viti-
ate, every principle we receive from nature."

Mr. Richardson enters, in the same man-
ner, into the character of Hamlet; he trans-
ports his reader as it were into the mind and
soul of that amiable and unfortunate prince;
and interests him in the events of the play,
in a manner which we really think peculiar
to the style and method of criticism which
he has adopted. On reviewing the analysis
of the character of Hamlet, the author says,

"A sense of virtue, if I may use the language
of an eminent philosopher, without pre-
siding myself of his feet, seems to be the ruling
principle. In other men, it may appear
with the ensigns of high authority: in Ham-
let, it possesses absolute power. United with
amiable affections, with every grateful ac-
complishment, and every agreeable quality,
it embellishes and exalts them. It rivets his
attachment to his friends, when he finds
them deserving; it is a source of sorrow, if
they appear corrupted. It even sharpens his
penetration; and, if unexpectedly he dis-
cerns turpitude or impropriety in any char-
acter, it inclines him to think more deeply
of their transgression, than if his sentiments
were less reined. It thus induces him to
scrutinize their conduct, and may lead him
to the discovery of more enormous guilt. As
it excites uncommon pain and abhorrence on
the appearance of perfidious and inhuman
actions, it provokes and stimulates his re-
sentment: yet, attentive to justice, and con-
cerned in the interests of human nature, it
governs the impetuosity of that untutored pas-
sion. It disposes him to be cautious in ad-
mitting evidence to the prejudice of ano-
ther: it renders him distrustful of his own
judgment, during the ardor and the reign of
passion, and directs him in the choice of as-
sociates, on whose fidelity and judgment he
may depend. If softened by a beneficent and
gentle temper, he hesitates in the execution
of any lawful enterprise, it reproaches him,

And

And if there is any hope of restoring those that are fallen, and of renewing in them the habits of virtue and of self-command, it renders him assiduous in his endeavours to serve them. Men of other dispositions would think of gratifying their friends by contributing to their affluence, to their amusement, or external honour: but the acquisitions that Hamlet values, and the happiness he would confer, are a conscience void of offence, the peace and the honour of virtue. Yet, with all this purity of moral sentiment, with eminent abilities, exceedingly cultivated and improved, with manners the most elegant and becoming, with the utmost rectitude of intention, and the most active zeal in the exercise of every duty, he is hated, persecuted, and destroyed."

In the character of the melancholy Jaques, the author has illustrated "how social dispositions, by being excessive, and by suffering a painful repulse, may render us unsocial and morose; how

Goodness wounds itself,

And sweet affection proves the spring of woe."

"If these reasonings, he adds, have any foundation in nature, they lead us to some conclusions that deserve attention. To judge concerning the conduct of others, and to indulge observations on the instability of human enjoyments, may assist us in the discipline of our own minds, and in correcting our pride and excessive appetites. But to allow reflections of this kind to become habitual, and to preside in our souls, is to counteract the good intentions of nature. In order, therefore, to anticipate a disposition so very painful to ourselves, and so disagreeable to others, we ought to learn, before we engage in the commerce of the world, what we may expect from society in general, and from every individual. But if, previous to experience, we are unable to form just judgements of ourselves and others, we must beware of despondency, and of opinions injurious to human nature. Let us ever remember, that all men have peculiar interests to pursue; that every man ought to exert himself vigorously in his own employment; and that, if we are useful and blameless, we shall have the favour of our fellow citizens. Let us love mankind; but let our affections be duly chastened. Be independent, if possible, but not a stoic."

He lastly considers the soft, delicate, enchanting Imogen; in whom love is the ruling passion, and whose sufferings have always been peculiarly affecting:

"The strength and peculiar features of ruling passion, and the power of other principles to influence its motions, and moderate its impetuosity, are principally manifest, when it is rendered violent by fear, hope, grief, and other emotions of a like nature, excited by the concurrence of external circumstances. When love is the governing passion, these concomitant and secondary ex-

motions are called forth by separation, the apprehension of inconstancy, and the absolute belief of disaffection. On separation, they dispose us to sorrow and regret: on the apprehension of inconstancy, they excite jealousy or solicitude: and the certainty of disaffection, begets despondency."

He concludes this very pleasing disquisition in a moral and useful manner.—"I shall conclude these observations, by explaining more particularly, how the repulse of a ruling and habitual passion could dispose Imogen to despondency, and render her careless of life? In other words, what is the origin of despair? or, by what lamentable perversion those, who are susceptible of the pleasures of life, and in situations capable of enjoying them, become dissatisfied, and rise from the feast prematurely?

"Happiness depends upon the gratification of our desires and passions. The happiness of Titus arose from the indulgence of a beneficent temper: Epaminondas reaped enjoyment from the love of his country. The love of fame was the source of Cæsar's felicity: and the gratification of grovelling appetites gave delight to Vitellius. It has also been observed, that some one passion generally assumes a pre-eminence in the mind, and not only predominates over other appetites and desires, but contends with reason, and is often victorious. In proportion as one passion gains strength, the rest languish and are enfeebled. They are seldom exercised; their gratifications yield transient pleasures; become of slight importance, are dispirited, and decay. Thus our happiness is attached to one ruling and ardent passion. But our reasonings, concerning future events, are weak and short-sighted. We form schemes of felicity that can never be realized, and cherish affections that can never be gratified.

"If, therefore, the disappointed passion has been long encouraged, if the gay visions of hope and imagination have long administered to its violence, if it is confirmed by habit in the temper and constitution, if it has superseded the operations of other active principles, and so enervated their strength, its disappointment will be embittered; and sorrow, prevented by no other passion, will prey, unabating, on the desolate abandoned spirit. We may also observe, that none are more liable to afflictions of this sort, than those to whom nature hath given extreme sensibility. Alive to every impression, their feelings are exquisite: they are eager in every pursuit: their imaginations are vigorous, and well adapted to fire them. They live, for a time, in a state of anarchy, exposed to the inroads of every passion, and, though possessed of singular abilities, their conduct will be capricious. Glowing with the warmest affections, open, generous, and candid; yet, prone to inconstancy, they are incapable of lasting friendships. At length, by force of repeated indulgence, some one pas-

tion becomes habitual, occupies the heart, seizes the understanding, and impatient of resistance and controul, weakens or extirpates every opposing principle; disappointment ensues: no passion remains to administer comfort: and the original sensibility which promoted this disposition, will render the mind more susceptible of anguish, and yield it a prey to despondency. — We ought, therefore, to beware of limiting our felicity to the gratification of any individual passion. Nature, ever wise and provident, hath endowed us with capacities for various pleasures, and hath opened to us many fountains of happiness: Let no tyrannous passion, let no rigid doctrine, deter thee; drink of the streams, be moderate, and be grateful."

We have thus given, we hope, an adequate view of the design and merit of this ingenious analysis. We most sincerely wish the author may obtain all the honour and advantage from his work which he can hope for. We are however apprehensive that this method of criticism, while it is the only one that can please the philosopher and man of taste, will be deemed refinement, and unintelligible, by the common tribe of readers. — *Monthly Review.*

10. *Observations and Experiments on the Poison of Copper.* By Wm. Falconer, M. D. F. R. S. 2s. 6d. *Johnston.*

THE very extensive application of copper to domestic uses renders an enquiry into the qualities of this metal of importance to the public; and it therefore affords us pleasure to see a treatise written professedly on the subject. After giving a concise account of copper, and shewing by what substances it is corroded, Dr. Falconer proceeds to mention the circumstances in which it is most likely to find admission into the body. He first treats of copper in its metallic form, and afterwards delivers many salutary cautions respecting the use of copper vessels. Chalybeate waters of every kind, he observes, ought not to be trusted in them, as in several of those waters, the iron is united with the vitriolic acid, and when heat is applied, they may be impregnated with the copper. He likewise cautions against boiling the pump-water in London in copper-vessels, on account of the nitrous acid with which it is found to be impregnated. It is proper to lay before our readers what he says on this subject.

"Nor is it at all improbable, that a solution of this metal in the nitrous acid sometimes finds admission into our food. The nitrous acid indeed is generally thought not to be (properly speaking) a native impregnation of springs, but at the same time it must be allowed, that it frequently finds admission into the water commonly used for dressing our viands. There is great reason to think that it is produced under certain cir-

cumstances by putrefaction; and what greatly confirms this hypothesis is, that it is often found plentifully impregnating the spring waters in great cities, many of which are tainted with some putrid animal or vegetable matter. Dr. Heberden found this acid in the London pump-water in double at least, and sometimes in triple the proportion of either of the other two mineral acids, viz. the muriatic and vitriolic, which still were both in quantity sufficient to be discovered by chemical analysis. The danger of using copper vessels with such water will be very obvious, when we consider that this acid dissolves copper the most expeditiously and plentifully of any, and that the solution of it in this acid is the most acrid and stimulant of any with which we are acquainted. The caution before given relative to the danger of using copper vessel in the warming of medicines, hold at least equally strong with respect to the nitrous as the vitriolic acid.

"The prevalence of the nitrous acid in the pump-water of London is so great as to discover itself to the taste, and turns meat red, that is boiled in it. Tea likewise is, as I believe, generally made with spring water among the lower kinds of people, from a notion of its extrating the qualities of the tea more powerfully, which they imagine from the infusion being generally of a darker colour, which is owing to the effect of the fossil ingredients in the water, and not to the qualities of the tea itself being more fully extracted. If we consider how frequently this beverage is used by all ranks, that the tea-kettles are generally made of copper, and often without tinning, and with their mouths so narrow as to be with difficulty cleaned on the inside, and that the spring water often used for making tea, especially in great towns, London particularly, is impregnated with many substances capable of dissolving it, and that this power is greatly assisted by a boiling heat, which is for the most part long continued, it will not seem improbable that copper may be introduced unsuspected in this manner, and that some of the effects usually attributed to tea may sometimes be in part owing to this cause. And this opinion is the more probable, as the same effects are produced by both of them, such as cholicky complaints, nausea, tremors, and paralytic disorders."

Dr. Falconer relates several experiments which he made with the view of ascertaining the impregnation of copper in various articles of diet, when boiled in vessels of that metal. We shall subjoin his remarks on fermented liquors, vinegar, and common salt, as being articles universally used.

"Fermented liquors (whether from any acid generated in the vinous fermentation, or from part of the liquor having gone on to the acetous, is not certain) are observed to corrode copper. On this account we should be very cautious relative to the cocks by which

which wine and beer are drawn off, that they are kept as clean as possible, and not be suffered to remain longer in the wine casks than is necessary for bottling it. This caution is more especially necessary with respect to made wines, which are more acceftent and imperfectly fermented, part of them being generally in a ftate of milt, and part changed into vinegar, and more apt to corrode copper than the foreign wines. I fufpect that an emetic quality, which I have feveral times obferved in made wines, may fometimes be produced by fome accident of this kind. For malt liquors which are drank out of the cask, I think the common wooden fpigot and faucet much clearer and fafer than brafs cocks; and I think fome contrivance of the fame kind might be found out for wine, which is drank out of the cask; or perhaps fome compound metal of tin and bismuth, which is not affected by the vegetable acid, might answer very well.

‘All the above cautions are applicable, in a greater degree, to vinegar, which corrodes copper very powerfully, and even quicker than the native acid, in my opinion; which fhould make us very cautious in what veffel it is boiled, as it is frequently done for pickles. The preparation of thefe is a matter of great confequence, as they are fo much ufed, efpecially by thofe of higher rank. The fine blue and green colour, for which feveral of them are fo much valued, has been eftimated by many a prefumptive circumftance of their having gained fome impregnation of this kind. As this fact is very material to be afcertained, I made the following experiments in order to determine it.

‘I took about an ounce of pickle from fome cucumbers which were bought at a noted fhop, and were remarkable for their colour in a high degree. It had a peculiar tafte of the metallic kind, and fmelt like the effluvia from copper that has been ftroagly rubbed, which was even fo powerful as to produce a flight degree of naufta. Into this I put fome bright iron wire, which in a fhort time was covered with a red ruft, exactly refembling what iron acquires from a folution of copper in an acid. I tried the fame experiment with fome pickle of the fame kind from cucumbers procured from another place, which were rather inferior in colour, but ftill fhewed fome, though lefs, figns of containing copper. Pickles, I have obferved, which are prepared without any impregnation of this kind, are generally of a faint green, rather inclining to yellow; and I am perfuaded that this colour, which is fo due to greatly a reft of their goodnefs, is always owing to this caufe.

‘It is a well-known maxim among houfekeepers that pickles will never be green unlefs a copper or brafs pan be ufed, and, if the defired colour be not obtained thus in fufficient degree, it is common to am informed, to throw in a few halfpence afterwards,

which feldom fails to impart the tinge required. This is very probable when we confider that copper is more acted on by the vegetable acid in the cold, than when heated. I have examined fome books of modern cookery, and find that, whenever a green or blue colour is defired, a brafs, bell metal, or copper pan, is directed to be ufed. It is not improbable that this often happens when fuch an adulteration is neither defigned nor fufpected, from ufig diffilled vinegar, which is often employed for thefe purpofes, and is frequently impregnated with copper from the head of the ftill. Vinegar likewife diffolves the copper alloy in fiver, and even the vapour that exhales from it when cold will have the fame effect. On this account I think the tops of vinegar cruets are improperly made of fiver, as is now frequently the fafhion. I have feen thefe acquire a thick coat of verdigreafe on their infide, efpecially when they are made hollow with a narrow opening, fo as to be with difficulty cleaned. This objection holds ftill ftroagier when the fpout itfelf through which the vinegar is poured is made of fiver.

‘Nor is lefs caution neceffary with refpect to common falt, which it is well known will corrode copper very powerfully. Several inftances of the coppers, ufed in the navy, being greatly corroded, by boiling the falt provisions in them, and of the bad confequences thence accruing, are related in the fecond volume of the Medical Obfervations and Enquiries. Indeed, copper veffels are extremely improper for fuch ufes, as being eafily corroded by the muriatic acid; and as the attraftion between copper and all the mineral acids is greatly increafed by heat, iron will anfwer all the purpofes of copper for fuch ufes, and if corroded, will not be of any ill confequences to the health of thofe who take it in.

‘The ufe of copper is extremely hazardous, in my opinion, in places where the water is faline, or brackifh, as is frequently the cafe in places lying near the fea.

‘Common falt will likewife affect the copper alloy in fiver. I have feen fiver falt-fellers, in which the falt has been incautiously leit, turned blue on their infide, and in feveral parts blue faline efflorefcences projecting from the furface of the metal. On this account therefore the ufe of glaffes, made to fit the infide of the fiver falt-fellers, are very proper, and probably prevent many accidents which might happen from the copper being in this way mixed with our victuals.

From the great facility with which copper is diffolved in various menftrua, and from the effects it produces when taken into the body, great caution ought certainly to be obferved in the ufig copper veffels for culinary purpofes; and Dr. Falconer has performed a laudable fervice to the public, by endeavouring to excite their attention to a matter of fo much importance to health.

11. *The following Anecdotes and characteristic Sketches of eminent Persons, will conclude our extracts from Lord Chesterfield's celebrated Letters to his Son.*

Lord AL—M—LE.

THIS Nobleman's good fortune and progress in the great world, are instanced as proofs of what may be done by address, manners, and graces only.

"What do you think (says Lord C.) made our friend, Lord Al—m—le, a colonel of a regiment of guards, governor of Virginia, groom of the stole, and ambassador to Paris, amounting in all to sixteen or seventeen thousand pounds a year?—Was it his birth? No; a Dutch gentleman only. Was it his estate? No; he had none. Was it his learning, his parts, his political abilities and application? You can answer these questions as easily, and as soon, as I can ask them. What was it then? Many people wondered, but I do not; for I know, and will tell you. It was his air, his address, his manners, and his graces. He pleased, and by pleasing became a favourite; and by becoming a favourite became all that he has been since. Show me any one instance, where intrinsic worth and merit, unassisted by exterior accomplishments, have raised any man so high."

Duke of NEWCASTLE.

In a letter addressed to Mr. Stanhope, then at Hanover, in 1752, Lord C. thus advises his son to get into the good graces of the Duke, then at the same place:

"Direct your principal battery, at Hanover, at the D— of N—'s: there are many very weak places in that citadel; where, with a very little skill, you cannot fail making a great impression. Ask for his orders, in every thing you do: talk Austrian and Antipathetic to him; and, as soon as you are upon a foot of talking easily to him, tell him *en badinant*, that his skill and success in thirty or forty elections in England, leave you no reason to doubt of his carrying his election for Frankfort; and that you look upon the Archduke as his Member for the Empire. In his hours of festivity and commotation, drop, that he puts you in mind of what Sir William Temple says of the Pensionary de Wit; who, at that time, governed half Europe; that he appeared at balls, assemblies, and public places, as if he had nothing else to do, or to think of. When he talks to you upon foreign affairs, which he will often do, say, that you really cannot presume to give any opinion of your own upon those matters, looking upon yourself, at present, only as a postscript to the *corps diplomatique*; but that, if his Grace will be pleased to make you an additional volume to it, though but in *doublets*, you will do your best, that he shall neither be ashamed nor repent of it. He loves to have a favourite, and to open himself to that favourite: he

has now no such person with him; the place is vacant, and if you have dexterity you may fill it. In one thing alone, do not humour him; I mean drinking; for as I believe you have never yet been drunk, you do not yourself know how you can bear your wine, and what a little too much of it may make you do or say: you might possibly kick down all you had done before."

In another place, speaking of the Duke's want of order, coolness, and method, in the dispatch of business, Lord C. observes, that "the hurry and confusion of the Duke of Newcastle do not proceed from his business, but from his want of method in it." "Sir Robert Walpole (adds his Lordship) who had ten times the business to do, was never seen in a hurry, because he always did it with method." And our noble author adds this just reflection,—the head of a man who has business, and no method nor order, is properly that *rudis indigique moles quam dixere chaos*.

Sir WILLIAM Y***G.

This gentleman is brought in to exemplify Lord C.'s doctrine with respect to the power and effect of eloquence.

"Sir W— Y—, with not a quarter of your parts, and not a thousandth part of your knowledge, has, by a gloss of tongue singly, raised himself successively to the best employments in the kingdom: he has been Lord of the Admiralty, Lord of the Treasury, Secretary at War, and is now Vice-Treasurer of Ireland; and all this, with the most sullied, not to say blasted character.

Mr. PELHAM.

March the 8th, 1754.

"Mr. Pelham died last Monday, of a fever and mortification; occasioned by a general corruption of his whole mass of blood, which had broke out into sores in his back. I regret him as an old acquaintance, a pretty near relation, and a private man, with whom I have lived many years in a social and friendly way. He meant well to the public; and was incorrupt in a post where corruption is commonly contagious. If he was no shining, enterprising minister, he was a safe one, which I like better. Very shining ministers, like the sun, are apt to scorch, when they shine the brightest: in our constitution, I prefer the milder light of a less glaring minister.

PULTENEY, Lord BATH.

"The whole subject of conversation, at present, is the death and will of Lord Bath: he has left above twelve hundred thousand pounds in land and money, four hundred thousand pounds in cash, stocks, and mortgages; his own estate, in land, was improved to fifteen thousand pounds a year, & the Bradford estate, which he * * is as much; both which, at only five-and-twenty years purchase, amount to eight hundred thousand pounds; and all this he has left to his bro-

ther, General Pulteney, and in his own disposal, though he never loved him. The legacies he has left are trifling; for, in truth, he cared for nobody; the words *give and bequeath* were too shocking to him to repeat, and so he left all, in one word, to his brother."

'We have also, in one of these letters, a slight sketch of the late King of France; and a shrewd comment on the mysterious conduct of the celebrated Madame Maintenon.

LOUIS XV.

'—attend particularly to the affairs of France; they grow serious, and, in my opinion, will grow more and more so every day. The King is desirous, and I do not wonder at it; but he has brought it about, to be hated at the same time, which seldom happens to the same man. His ministers are known to be as disunited as incapable: he hesitates between the Church and the Parliaments, like the ass in the fable, that starved between two hampers of hay; too much in love with his mistress to part with her, and too much afraid, for his soul, to enjoy her: jealous of the Parliaments, who would support his authority; and a devoted bigot to the Church, that would destroy it. The people are poor, consequently discontented: those who have religion, are divided in their notions of it; which is saying, that they hate one another. The Clergy never do forgive; much less will they forgive the Parliament: the Parliament never will forgive them.'

MADAME MAINTENON.

'—I have read Madame Maintenon's letters; I am sure they are genuine, and they both entertained and informed me. They have brought me acquainted with the character of that able and artful lady; whom I am convinced, that I now know, much better than her *directeur* the Abbé de Fenelon (afterwards Archbishop of Cambray) did, when he wrote her the 185th letter; and I know him the better too for that letter. The Abbé, though brimful of the divine love, had a great mind to be first Minister, and Cardinal, in order, *no doubt*, to have an opportunity of doing the more good. His being *directeur* at the time to Madame Maintenon, seemed to be a good step towards those views. She put herself upon him for a faint, and he was weak enough to believe it; he, on the other hand, would have put himself upon her for a faint too, which, I dare say, he did not believe; but both of them knew, that it was necessary for them to appear faints to Lewis XIV. who they were very sure was a bigot. It is to be presumed, nay, indeed it is plain by that 185th letter, that Madame Maintenon had hinted to her *directeur* some scruples of conscience, with relation to her commerce with the King; and which I humbly apprehend to have been only some scruples of prudence, at once to flatter the bigot character, and increase the desires of the King. The pious Abbé, frightened out of his wits left the King

should impute to the *directeur* any scruples or difficulties which he might meet with on the part of the lady, writes her the above-mentioned letter; in which he not only bids her, not tease the King by advice and exhortations, but to have the utmost submission to his will; and, that she may not mistake the nature of that submission, he tells her, it is the same that Sarah had for Abraham; to which submission Isaac perhaps was owing. No bawd could have written amore seducing letter to an innocent country girl, than the *directeur* did to his penitente; who, I dare say, had no occasion for his good advice. Those who would justify the good *directeur*, alias the pimp, in this affair, must not attempt to do it, by saying, that the King and Madame Maintenon were at that time privately married; that the *directeur* knew it; and that this was the meaning of his *enigme*. This is absolutely impossible; for that private marriage must have removed all scruple between the parties; nay, could not have been contracted upon any other principle, since it was kept private, and consequently prevented no public scandal. It is therefore extremely evident, that Madame Maintenon could not be married to the King, at the time when the scrupled granting, and when the *directeur* advised her to grant, those favours which Sarah with so much submission granted to Abraham: and what the *directeur* is pleased to call *le mystère de Dieu*, was most evidently a state of concubinage. The letters are very well worth your reading; they throw light upon many things of those times.'

12. *The Country Justice, a poem. By one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Somerset. Part I. 4to. 12. 6d.*

THE character of a country justice, like that of an alderman, or bookfeller, has stood as a butt, for wits and wittlings to shoot at, with the shafts of ridicule. But the times are changed. We have aldermen who possess as much wit as other folk; we have bookfellers who can read; and we have conservators of the peace who can not only read but write: witness the pleasing piece of poetry now before us, published in honour of that order of magistracy of which the author declares himself to be a member; and addressed to the celebrated Dr. Burn, "by a truly affectionate Brother."

Our Somersetshire Bard opens with a retrospective view of the forlorn state of liberty and civil security, in this country, before the institution of justices of the peace, in the reign of Edward III. This most salutary and excellent '*appointment and its purposes*' are thus celebrated:

THE social laws from insult to protect,
To cherish peace, to cultivate respect;
The rich from wanton cruelty restrain,
To smooth the bed of penury and pain;

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The hapless vagrant to his rest restore,
The maze of fraud, the haunts of theft ex-
plore; [art,
The thoughtless maiden, when subdu'd by
To aid, and bring her rover to her heart;
Wild riot's voice with dignity to quell,
Forbid unpeaceful passions to rebel,
Wrest from revenge the meditated harm;
For this fair justice rais'd her sacred arm;
For this the rural Magistrate, of yore,
Thy honours, Edward, to his mansion bore.

The moral character of a country justice, such as that of every magistrate ought to be, is admirably drawn, in the following lines:

Thro' these fair vallies, stranger, hast thou
stray'd,
By any chance, to visit Harewood's shade,
And seen with honest, antiquated air,
In the plain hall the Magistral chair?
There Herbert sat—the love of human kind,
Pure light of truth, and temperance of mind,
In the free eye the featur'd soul display'd,
Honour's strong beam, and Mercy's melting
shade;
Justice, that, in the rigid paths of law,
Would still some drops from Pity's fountain
draw,
Bend o'er her urn with many a gen'rous fear,
Ere his firm seal should force one Orphan's
tear;
Fair Equity, and Reason scorning art,
And all the sober virtues of the heart,—
These sat with Herbert, these shall best avail,
Where statutes order; or where statutes fail.

The general motives for lenity in the exercise of the justice's office, are next laid down, and enforced with that energy and pathos which cannot fail of doing honour to the heart of the writer, as well as to his muse.

Be this, ye rural Magistrates, your plan:
Firm be your Justice, but be friends to man.
He whom the mighty master of this ball,
We fondly deem, or farcically call,
To own the Patriarch's truth however loth,
Holds but a mansion *crust'd before the moth*.

Frail in his genius, in his heart, too, frail,
Born but to err, and erring to bewail,
Shalt thou his faults with eye severe explore,
And give to life one human weakness more?

Still mark if vice or nature prompt the deed;
Still mark the strong temptation and the need:
On pressing want, or famine's powerful call,
At least more lenient let thy justice fall.

His *apology for vagrants* is replete with benevolence, and comes farther recommended to us, by the additional charms of a flowing and elegant verification:

For him, who, lost to every hope of life,
Has long with fortune held unequal strife,
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendless, homeless object of despair;
For the poor vagrant, feel, while he complains,
Nor from sad freedom send to sadder chains.
Alike, if folly or misfortune brought

Those last of woes his evil days have wrought;
Believe with social mercy and with me,
Folly's misfortune in the first degree.

Perhaps on some inhospitable shore
The homeless wretch a widow'd parent bore;
Who then no more by golden prospects led,
Of the poor Indian begg'd a leafy bed.
Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourn'd her Soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad preface of his future years,
The child of misery, baptiz'd in tears!

We cannot resist the temptation to pillage the ingenious author of his declaration against that pernicious species of vagrants known by the name of *Gypsies*:

The Gypsy-race my pity rarely move;
Yet their strong thirst of Liberty I love;
Not *Wilkes*, our freedom's holy martyr, more;
Nor his firm *Pbalanx*, of the common thore.
For this in Norwood's patrimonial groves,
The tawny father with his offspring roves;
When summer suns lead flow the sultry day,
In mossy caves, where welling waters play,
Fann'd by each gale that cools the fervid sky,
With this in ragged luxury they lie.
Oft at the sun the dusky elms strain
The fable eye, then, snuggling, sleep again:
Oft, as the dews of cooler evening fall,
For their prophetic mother's mantle call.

Far other cares that wandering mother
wail,
The mouth, and oft the minister of fate!
From her to hear, in evening's friendly shade,
Of future fortune, flies the village maid,
Draws her long-boarded copper from its hold,
And rusty halpence purchase hopes of gold.

But, ah! ye maids, beware the Gypsy's
lures!
She opens not the womb of time, but yours.
Oft has her hands the hapless Marian wrung,
Marian, whom Gay in sweetest strains has
sung!

The parson's maid—fore cause had she to rue
The Gypsy's tongue; the parson's daugh-
ter too.

Long had that anxious daughter sigh'd to
knew [beau,
What Vellum's spruce clerk, the valley's
Meant by those glances which at church he
stole,

Her father nodding to the psalm's slow drawl;
Long had she sigh'd, at length a prophet
came,

By many a sure prediction known to Fame,
To Marian known, and all the told for true:
She knew the future, for the past she knew.

Where, in the darkling shed, the moon's
dim rays

Beam'd on the ruins of a one-horse chaise,
Villaria sat, while faithful Marian brought
The wayward prophet of the woe she sought.
Twice did her hands, the income of the week,
On either side, the crooked six-pence seek;

Twice were those hands withdrawn from either side,

To stop the tit'ring laugh, the blush to hide.
The wayward prophet made no long delay,
No novice she in Fortune's devious way!

'Ere yet, she cried, ten rolling months are o'er,

'Must ye be mothers; maids, at least, no

'With you shall soon, O lady fair, prevail

'A gentle youth, the flower of this fair vale.

'To Marian, once of Colin Clout the scorn,

'Shall Bumkin come, and Bumkinets be born."

Smote to the heart, the maidens marvell'd
fore,

That ten short months had such events in

Rut holding firm, what village-maids believe,

That strife with Fate is milking in a sieve;

To prove this prophet true, tho' to their cost,

They justly thought no time was to be lost.

These foes to youth, that seek, with dangerous art,

To aid the native weakness of the heart;

These miscreants, from thy harmless village drive,

As wasps felonious from the lab'ring hive.

We cannot take leave of the unknown author, without heartily thanking him for the pleasure he has given us in the perusal of this little though beautiful production; nor without expressing our hope that he will proceed in his laudable design, and completely finish the portrait of his worthy and amiable Country Justice.—*Monthly Review*.

13. *Medical Memoirs of the General Dispensary in London, for part of the years 1772 and 1774.* By John Caskley Lettison, M. D. F. R. and A. S. S. 5s. bound.

THE General Dispensary is a most useful institution, designed not only for the relief of the poor at the Dispensary, but likewise at their own houses. It is kept in Aldersgate-street, and is open for the reception of letters and patients every day at eleven o'clock, Sundays excepted. All who are recommended have the benefit of advice and medicines at the Dispensary; but no patients are to be visited at their own habitations, except those who reside within the city and liberties of London.

Dr. Lettison is one of the physicians appointed to attend the Dispensary, and he has favoured the public with the result of his observations during the last and part of the present year, under the title of *Memoirs of the General Dispensary*, as above.

The first section of these Memoirs contains *Observations on Fevers, with Symptoms of Putrescency*.—[For the Doctor's method of curing these fevers, see our last Miscellany, p. 22.]

Sect. II. *Speculations on Opium, with Cases and Reflections*.

Dr. Cullen, in his lectures on the *Materia Medica*, has introduced some distinctions

concerning the stimulant and sedative effects of opium. These ideas have been adopted by our Author, and he has endeavoured to point out, in what cases its stimulant, and in what its sedative powers are indicated.

Sect. III. *Observations on a species of Leprosy.*

The *Lepra Ichthyis* of Sauvages is the species here intended; so called from its resembling the scales of a fish. Our author gives us three histories of this disease, in which the cure was effected by a decoction of the inner bark of the elm tree, after other very powerful remedies had been tried without success. This decoction has long been used in St. Thomas's, and some other of the London hospitals, in a variety of leprous and other cutaneous affections. The formula used by Dr. Lettison, is the *Decoctum ulmi Pharmacop. Noiscom. Divi Thomæ*.

Sect. IV. *A Defence of Inoculation.*

The most striking objection which has ever appeared against inoculation, is that of Dr. Raft of Lions. The objection is briefly this: "From a survey of the London bills of mortality for 42 years before inoculation commenced, and likewise for 42 years after this practice became general, it appears, that seventeen more burials in a thousand have been occasioned by the small-pox, since inoculation hath been generally adopted, than before." And consequently, that inoculation does more injury to the community by propagating the infection to many who might otherwise have escaped, than by conducting a few individual more easily and safely thro' the disease.

Dr. Lettison endeavours to break the force of this objection, by suggesting, that the measles, and fevers in general, have gradually increased in fatality in nearly the same proportion with the small-pox. And he further remarks, that the spreading the infection, is rather to be attributed to the improved method of treating the accidental small-pox, than to inoculation.

Sect. V. *Method of treating the confluent Small-Pox.*

The subject of this section is of a very serious nature. Dr. Lettison apprehends he has discovered, that mercury is an antidote to the variolous virus, and that it powerfully promotes suppuration in the confluent small-pox. It is certain that Boerhaave had a favourable opinion of mercury as a corrector of this particular virus*. And Malouin relates the case of a female who was under a course of mercury for venereal complaints, and had a mercurial plaister applied to the sacrum: she was at this time seized with the small-pox; her whole body was full, except the part to which the plaister had been applied, and here there was not a single pustule†. On

* Apbor. 1209.

† *Chem. Med. S. II. p. 133.*

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the other hand, Gatti, Watson, and many others have not found that those who were prepared with mercurials had the disease at all more favourably, than those who were prepared without. And it appears likewise, that when the small-pox was epidemic at Edinburgh in the year 1733, the disease was fatal notwithstanding the free use of mercurials. — And if we take Dr. Lettsom's cases into the question, we shall find them by no means conclusive in favour of mercury, either as a suppurative or an antidote.

Sect. VI. Remarks on the Hooping-cough, King-cough, or Pertussis.

Dr. Burton, of York, published his treatise on the non-naturals in the year 1738, and at the end has added an essay on the chin-cough. — The following was his method of cure in this disease: "I ordered, says he, a scruple of cantharides, and as much camphor, which when well mixed, I ordered to be mixed with three drachms of the extract of bark; of which mixture I gave the children eight or ten grains every third or fourth hour, according to the circumstances of the cases, in a spoonful of some simple water or julep, in which I had dissolved a little balsam copaivi; the children's drink was emulso communis, or the like. By following this method, I performed the cures very soon, some in five or six days."

Mr. Sutcliffe, of Settle in Yorkshire, has for twenty years successively administered Dr. Burton's medicine, with some little variation. He gives tincture of bark, tincture of cantharides, and elix. pargor. This composition was exhibited in small quantities three or four times in a day; and the doses gradually increased till a slight strangury was produced; the dose was then diminished, or taken at more distant intervals. — "The hooping, says Mr. Sutcliffe, generally ceases in three or four days, from the first exhibition of the medicine: sometimes the paroxysm recurs only once after the first dose; but an expectorating cough frequently continues for a week or two afterwards." This is doubtless a valuable discovery; and we are happy to find, that the experience of Dr. Burton and Mr. Sutcliffe has been confirmed by a variety of cases which have fallen under the care of Dr. Lettsom. — *Monthly Rev.*

1 Medical Essays, vol. III. p. 30.

24. An Enquiry into the Moving Powers employed in the Circulation of the Blood; in a Lecture delivered at Newcastle, the 28th of December, 1773, to a large Company of Gentlemen of the Faculty and others. By Andrew Wilson, M. D. 11. 6s.

THIS enquiry is divided into seven propositions, of which we shall give a general detail.

The first proposition is, that the heart is not the fountain or origin of the motion of the animal fluids. According to this ingenious author, the circulation of the blood is

chiefly promoted by the fluids in the lacteal and absorbent vessels. But it is evident, that this hypothesis does not account for the origin of the motion. For the circulation is carried on before any aliment has been received by the bowels, and the fluids must have been previously conveyed to the orifices of the absorbent vessels before these return them to the large veins.

The second proposition is, that the blood, in being subjected to the contractions of the ventricles of the heart, acquires no quantity of motion that it was not possessed of before. In support of this opinion, Dr. Wilson argues, that as the heart transmits by its contractions no blood into the arteries, but what is received from the veins, so it cannot deliver it faster, or with greater momentum. Our author even affirms, that the absolute momentum of the blood moving in the vena cava and all the veins, is greater than the momentum with which it moves in the aorta and all the arteries. For, though the heart can deliver no blood to the arteries, but what it receives from the veins, yet the veins really receive as much resistance to the motion of the blood in them, by every contraction of the auricles of the heart, as the arterial blood receives accession of momentum by the contractions of the ventricles; excepting in so far as the muscular vigour of the auricles and ventricles may differ from each other.

In the third proposition it is affirmed, that the arterial motion of the fluids does not necessarily depend on the impulses of the heart, but can be accomplished independent of any such force. As examples in favour of this doctrine, the author mentions the circulation or progressive motion of the sap in vegetables, which is conducted without any impulse analogous to the action of the heart; the peculiar oeconomy of the liver; and the manner in which the blood is transmitted thro' the heart of the foetus.

In the fourth proposition the author endeavours to prove, that the muscular power of the heart is not sufficient to impress such a momentum on the fluids as to carry them to the ultimate limits of the circulation. In the fifth, he maintains, that there are other powerful agents always acting in the animal oeconomy, which, by a mechanical necessity, influence the progressive motion of the blood, as well where the powers of the heart can be traced, as where they cannot possibly reach. Among these the author reckons a tendency to motion in the fluids themselves. In the sixth proposition, he contends for the influence of another power, which he calls the principle of life; and in the seventh proposition he declares himself of opinion, that both the primary and final intention of the agency of the heart in the animal oeconomy, must be something very different from, and less obvious than, the supporting of the progressive motion of the blood.

Though the author of this enquiry has shown

shown just reasons for being dissatisfied with the common opinion respecting the power of the heart in conducting the circulation, yet it must be acknowledged, that of what he assigns as the causes of this motion, some are not sufficiently supported by the established principles of the animal economy, and others seem inadequate to the effect. On a subject of such importance, however, the exertion of so much ingenuity as Dr. Wilson here discovers deserves to be applauded; and though the hypothesis he endeavours to confirm, considered in all its parts, should not meet with numerous adherents among physiologists, even those who dissent from the author's doctrine will subscribe to the justness of his arguments against the validity of the received opinion with respect to the circulation of the blood.

Critical Review.

15. *The Graham; an Heroic Ballad. In Four Cantos. By Tin. Blacklock, D. D. 2s. 6d.*

THE subject of this poem is acknowledged to be entirely fictitious, and is well calculated to recommend the cordial union of South and North Britain, the moral which the author inculcates. This salutary admonition is delivered in the four last stanzas, which we shall quote as a specimen.

* By sanguine proof, ye nations, taught
What various ills from discord rise,
Discord with all the curses fraught
That earth can feel or hell devise;
With sacred vigilance of thought,
Your union cultivate and prize;
Union, eternal source of joy,
Which nought can lessen or destroy.
England! for industry and toil,
Wisdom, and polish'd arts, renown'd,
Whose happy clime and grateful soil
Diffuse exhaustless plenty round;
So from thy shores may foes recoil,
Involved in shame, and grief profound,
As thou behold'st with placid eyes
Thy sister kingdom's glory rise.
Scotia! to earth's remotest verge,
Tiv each conspicuous virtue known,
Whose glorious deeds, whose talents large,
Enrich all climates but thy own:
To him thy duty first discharge,
From whose paternal hand alone
Thy blessings, which no measure know,
Thy freedom, wealth, and safety, flow.
Nor let seductive pleasure's charms,
From wisdom's ways thy soul allure,
Nor quench thy generous thirst of arms,
Nor all thy recent fame obscure:
Thy breast, while noble ardour warms,
For sacred faith, and virtue pure,
Till heav'n and earth shall pass away,
Thy glory ne'er shall feel decay.

Poems, by Mr. Potter. 8vo. 3s. sewed.

THE author of these poems is known to the literary world by a pretty descriptive piece entitled *Heldham*, the celebrated seat of Lord

Leicester; by *Kymbier*, an eulogium on the Wodehouse family, in the style and taste of Milton's *Lycidas*, and written with considerable spirit and enthusiasm; but, more particularly, by a beautiful farewell Hymn to the Country, in imitation of Spenser. With these poems, already published at different times, a few others of less character and consequence contribute to make up this volume.

Monthly Rev.

LIST of NEW PUBLICATIONS.

COMEDIES of Plautus, translated into familiar blank verse, by the Gentleman who translated *The Captives*. Volume the fifth and last. 8vo. 6s. bound.

Commentaries on the Asiatic Poetry, in 6 books, with an Appendix. To which is added, *Limon*, or miscellaneous pieces. By William Jones, M. A. Fellow of University College, Oxford, and of the Royal Societies of London and Copenhagen. 8vo. 9s. boards.

Rational recreations, in which the principles of numbers and natural philosophy are clearly and copiously elucidated, by a series of easy, entertaining, interesting experiments. Among which are all those commonly performed with the cards. By Wm. Hooper, M. D. 4 vols. 8vo. 11. 1s.

Observations on antimony, read before the medical society of London, and published at their request. By John Millar, M. D. 2s.

Macbeth, a tragedy; and *Julius Caesar*, a tragedy: both by Wm. Shakespeare; collated with the old and modern editions. 3s. each.

A synopsis of all the data for the construction of triangles. By John Lawton, B. D. 1s.

A proposal for determining the longitude at sea, independent of any time-keeper. By Isaac Boyer. 8vo. 6d.

Solitary walks: To which are added, the consolations of religion in the views of death and loss of friends, with poetical meditations, written among the tombs. 2s. sewed.

Historic proof of the doctrinal calvinism of the church of England. By Augustus Toplady, A. B. 2 vols. 8vo. 10s. sewed.

A reply to a late publication of S. Newton of Norwich, plainly shewing, that the quakers are not Calvinists, &c. By J. Phipps, 1s.

A reply to the Layman's address to the Baptists. 6d.

Christiani cultus; or, the ornaments of a Christian. By Hugh Hopley. 1s.

Thoughts on the articles of our religion, with respect to their supposed utility to the state. By Chr. Wyvill, LL. B. rector of Black Notley, Essex. 3d edit. 1s.

Logica Genevensis continued; or, the first and second parts of the 5th check to Antinomianism. By Mr. Fletcher. 1s.

Catechetical exercises. By C. Bulkley. 3s. Arcadam's Astrology; or, book of destiny. 1s.

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A true state of the proceedings of the parliament of Great-Britain, and in the province of Massachusetts's bay, relative to taxation, &c. 2s.

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A letter to the Earl of Chatham, on the Quebec Bill. 1s.

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The Coal-heavers, a mock-heroic poem, inscribed to the inhabitants of Lynn. 1s.

The fashionable DRESS, as established in the politest Summer Circles.

WE were much pleased, a few months since, to present to our Fair Readers a Pattern for dressing their Hair, in which little Art was necessary, and where Nature was permitted to add Grace to Beauty; but we are now sorry to find the Ladies returning, tho' by slow degrees, to the long-exploded Mode of dressing their Hair with the borrowed Aid of the Cushion, &c.;—this, however, they do in a far less preposterous degree than formerly, as the Hair rises very gradually from the Forehead to the Crown, and in general is not unbecoming:—Crows Curls are worn at the sides;—and the Ornaments for the Head are, Blond and Flowers, or small Flies and no Lappets, only one Bow behind.—Slight Lute-string Negligees, of the Apple-green or pale Lilac, with Blond or Mignonette Trimmings, and Tassels to match the Silks;—Ruffles very shallow before, and long and peaked behind;—with Shoes to match the Negligees, and small Rose Buckles, constitute the FULL DRESS,

The most genteel UNDRRESS is the French Jacket, with tight Sleeves to button down to the Wrist, strait Back, and Lappets instead of Robings trimm'd with Fringe of the Colour;—Hats much larger, and Cloaks of Gauze or Joining Lace, very short behind and long before;—coloured Slippers, with white Heels and small Roses.

The uniform cloathing of the Captains and Commanders of his Majesty's Fleet, is by his Majesty's order to be in future as follows, viz.

FULL DRESS.—The lace on the coat to return round the pockets and sleeves; the lappels and cuffs to be two inches and a half broad; the lace upon the upper part of the lappels to run even with the bottom lace of the collar; the buttons to be flat, with an anchor and cable engraved thereon, according to the pattern lodged at the Navy Office.—The waistcoat to be plain instead of laced; the breeches to be of the same colour as the waistcoat, instead of blue, and both to have buttons of the same pattern as the coat.

UNDRRESS.—Blue frock, lappels, cuffs and collar the same; the collar to button to the lappels, lap over behind, white shalloon lining, buttons the same as the dress coat, gold embroidered button holes, as undermentioned, viz.—The Captains who have taken post three years or upwards, twelve holes in the lappels by threes, three in the flaps and three in the sleeves.—The Post Captains of less than three years standing, twelve holes in the lappels by twos; four holes on the flaps, and four in the sleeves, by twos.—For Commanders, twelve holes in the lappels, regular; three holes in the flaps and three in the sleeves.—Waistcoats and Breeches the same as for the dressed uniform.

FLOWERS OF PARNASSUS.

FOR THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

COLIN and SILVIA,
A Pastoral Ballad.

[With an elegant ENGRAVING.]

THE noon-tide sun's resplendent beams
His influence declare,
And scarce a breeze refreshing moves
To fan the vernal air.

Beneath a spreading beech reclin'd,
Young Sylvia, with her swain,
Beheld content the rural scene,
Which mark'd the verdant plain.

To sportive innocence resign'd,
Their flocks around them play;
Soft wishes to the nymph impart,
And make her bosom gay.

Love's softest notes—deluding theme!
The fleeting hours beguile;
Enraptur'd Colin view'd success
Imprinted on each smile.

Oft had the youth his suit prefer'd,
The maid as oft deny'd:
A virgin's wishes rul'd her heart,
Her tongue a virgin's pride.

Colin observ'd her eyes, and then
Still unremitting strove;

'Twas there he saw, or else he thought
He saw some signs of love.

* How sweetly, softly sing (he cries)
"The birds on ev'ry tree!"

* All nature smiles, but I have nought
"But scorn and frowns from thee:

* Tho' smiles the earth, tho' sweetly sing
"The birds on ev'ry tree,

* Yet nature frowns if I have not
"Returns of love from thee.

* My off'ring is a faithful heart;
"A richer can I make?"

* If love can ask, can wish for more,
"The richer offering take.

* These milk-white flocks, yon lowing
herds,

"All, all I have is thine;

* Much more than these I should possess,
"If Sylvia would be mine.

* Cease to be stubborn, cruel maid!

"Hear and reward my truth!"

* Cease then to tease me, (she replied)
"Colin, thou foolish youth.

* If nought but these complaining tales

"We virgins hear from men,

* 'Tis better e'en to wed at once,

"Than hear them o'er again."

TOASTS for the Month.

TO TOLLIA.

IF I don't love you, MOLLY TOLL,
With all my heart, with all my soul,
Then, may this honest bumper be
Fatal to Friendship, Truth, and ME!

To Mrs. VAUGHAN, of the Grove.

TO you sweet SAPPHO of the tuneful
GROVE,
To Genius sacred, and the Queen of Love,
To you I fill the goblet to the brink,
And Sapphic wit in brisk *Falerian* drink.
Tho' *Phaon* turn'd on *Sappho* most unkind,
The boy had lov'd you, had he not been
blind!

You've all the genius of the Lesbian dame,
With charms a thousand *Phaons* might inflame;
Thus, while I drink, your virtues I rehearse,
Queen of the Grove—and Goddess of my
Verse.

V E R S E S

Copied from the Window of an obscure Lodging-
House in the Neighbourhood of London.

STRANGER, whate'er thou art, whose
restless mind,
Like me, within these walls, is cribb'd, con-
fin'd*,
Learn how each want, that heaves our mutual
sigh,

A woman's soft solitudes supply!
From her white breast retreat all rude alarms,
Or fly the circle of her magic arms;
While souls exchanged alternate grace
acquire,

And passions catch from passions glorious
fire.

What tho' to deck this roof no arts com-
bine,

Such forms as rival ev'ry Fair but mine;
No nodding plumes our humble couch
above,

Proclaim each triumph of unbounded love;
No silver lamp, with sculptur'd Cupids gay,
O'er yielding Beauty pours its midnight ray:
Yet Fanny's charms could Time's slow flight
beguile,

Soothe ev'ry care, and make this dungeon
smile;

In her, what Kings, what Saints have
with'd, is given;

Her heart is Empire, and her love is Heaven!

* *Marked.*

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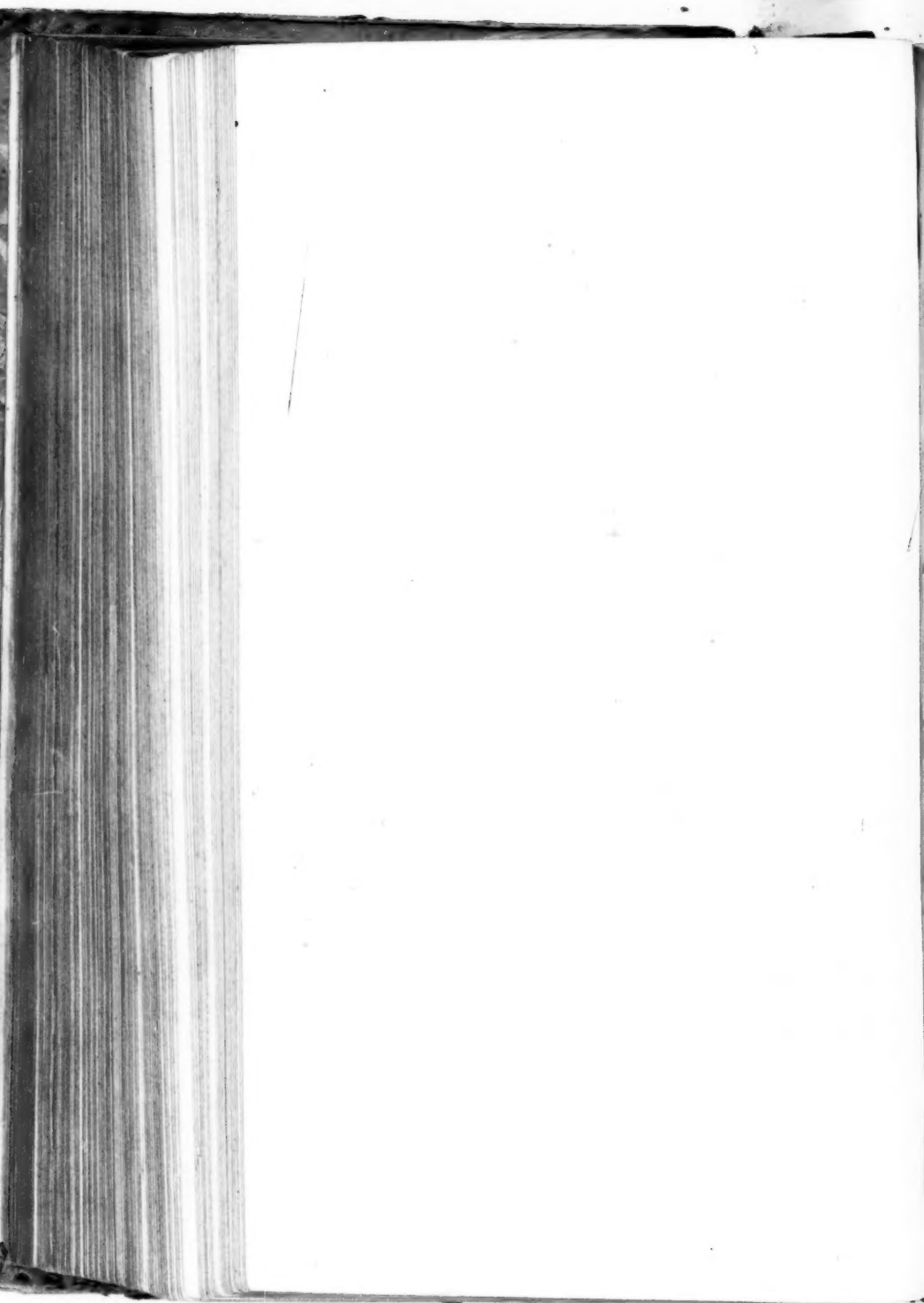
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Heaven!

Engraved for the Monthly Miscellany.



Colin and Sylvia.



The FOX: An ELEGIAC POEM,
Sacred to the Memory of a late Right Honourable
Personage. 8vo. 1s. SNAGG.

THE conduct of the Right Hon. Personage, to whose memory this piece is devoted, has given an ample field for the abilities of our Author, who seems to have executed his task in a very masterly manner.—We find too often, that elegiac lays are either prostituted to the service of power, or made the instruments of private vengeance; in the instance bestowing unmerited praise, and in another magnifying the minutest foibles;—but here we find a happy medium, where neither interest nor malice guides the pen, and the character of the man is displayed in that light in which it has long been held by the people of this kingdom.—In reviewing the character of this once-distinguished Nobleman, the Author has omitted no particular that was worthy of attention; his *honesty*, and his *frankness* in his country's cause are there depicted; nor, in short, are any of those *amiable virtues* forgot, which so endeared him to his country.—In the following passages, perhaps, the Author is exceedingly great:

OFt has the thirst of gold so steel'd the heart,

To make it e'en rejoice at others' woe;
 Too soon from nature's social tie depart,
 And help a nation in her overthrow:

Tho' from each wound the vital currents run,
 And stain their fingers in the crimson flood;
 They smile to find, that while she is undone,
 They gain the profit of her richest blood.

SOME, whilst our troops with pious care pursue,

And fix their conquests on a foreign strand,
 Have robb'd the hardy vet'ran of his due,
 Hard earn'd by combat in a foreign land.

There are, again, who, carelefs of their trust,
 Pay no attention to the public good;

Nor deem a robbery on her unjust,
 Tho' thousands feel it in the want of food.

Ere long they'll feel the pangs of fell remorse,
 And then, too late, recall their errors o'er;

Let such in H***** see fair virtue's force,
 By him resolve to avert such scenes no more.

His honest heart ne'er knew the pow'r of guile,

CONSCIENCE with him directed ev'ry deed;
 At once the Son and Patriot of this isle,
 He'd sooner die than see his country bleed.

Draw near, ye future Ministers of State,
 And all ye AGENTS in a future war!

If you would wish to stand sublimely great,
 To avert like him be your peculiar care.

See his accounts in JUSTEST ORDER lie,
 APPROV'D and SETTLED to his master's
clear and perspicuous to the public eye, [will
 They shew at once integrity and skill.

Well might the nation weep when he resign'd,
 And left, *reluctant*, England's future weal!

MISCELL. VOL. II.

Kings, Ministers, and Commons, all combin'd
 To mourn, when he his purpose did reveal.

OfT was he *propos'd* the office to renew,
 As oft *refus'd*; like Cincinnatus fir'd,
 He went—but kept his country's good in view,

And to his old patrician fields retir'd.

He then describes the good old man in his retreat from the world, preparing for those blessings which "*ever wait on virtue*," And his death, and the concern of his family, and his country, are mentioned in a very sensible and pathetic manner:

Soon the sad tidings reach the public ear,
 Melt in the eye, or murmur in the breast;
 Each bosom throbs with an unusual fear,
 And all the land is gen'rally distressed.

Where shall they find again so much desert,
 A mind so steady in his country's cause?
 Whene'er the call'd, so ready and alert
 To keep inviolate her sacred laws?

A dawn of hope breaks in upon their mind—
 His rising sons Britannia views with joy;

And to their active genius resign'd,
 To cherish it becomes her chief employ.

The tributary tear is paid;—and now
 Let us pour out the measure of our praise;
 With pleasure to his generous offspring bow,
 The joy and comfort of his latter days.

Like him in ev'ry act,—though not mature,
 Yet rip'ning on, and promising in time
 Within their breast each virtue to secure,
 That in their father's did so brightly shine.

That active zeal for Britain and her laws—
 That dread of indolence, and love of fame—
 That matchless vigilance in freedom's cause,

The ELDEST holds, together with his name.

How frequent active has his little breast
 Dealt forth her eloquence to save the land!

How vigil-like deny'd herself due rest,
 When slaves to pow'r gain'd freedom made
 their stand!

For six long years he in the Senate sate,
 A patriot in the LOWER HOUSE approv'd;
 Like some great planet roll'd his orb alone,
 Alike admir'd, alike by all below'd.

Now 'mongst the Peers and Patriots of this isle,
 Within the UPPER HOUSE he claims a seat;
 See Liberty pour forth her joy, and smile,
 To think how soon her foes will feel defeat.

Cloze at his heels his younger brother see,
 Of ev'ry darling virtue full possessor!
 His father's ev'ry seed of honesty

Is sown maturely in his pious breast.

So pure, so wise, and spotless is his mind;
 So free from perfidy, chicanery, and noise;
 Search thro' the world, you'll scarce his equal find,

Who ev'ry hour, like him, to good employs.
 In vain Intemperance calls her luring smiles,

He scarce has foibles,—and is free from vice;

His cautious soul avoids the harlot's wiles,
 In all his pleasures moderate and nice.

Averse to gaming, and the wretched crew
Who waste their time in base arts and fraud,—

Who hapless inconsiderates pursue,
And while they plunder, all their faults applaud.

After giving the characters of the two sons
(with whose fame the world resounds no less
than with that of their father's) he thus concludes :

Thus far the Bard—when to his dazzl'd sight,
In radiant majesty, lo ! TRUTH appears !
Placing each object in its proper light,
She fill'd his soul with jealousies and fears.

" Mistaken man ! (in angry mood she spoke)
" To let thy prejudice o'er reason sway !

" Call in each fleeting passion to the yoke,
" And let thy soul attentively obey.

" Write down"—but ah ! the Muse declines
the deed—

To own an error well becomes the wife ;
Mild CHARITY at ev'ry pore would bleed,
Should I describe what pass'd before my
eyes :—

Should I point out the pangs of fell despair,
Which harden'd sinners on their death-bed
feel, [care—

In vain their former lives seem'd free from
Conscience is sharper than the pointed steel.

THE FARMER.

O Happy he ! happiest of mortal men !
Who far remov'd from slavery as from
pride, [catch

Fears no man's frown, nor cringing waits to
The gracious nothing of a great man's nod :
Where the lac'd beggar bustles for a bribe,
The purchase of his honour ; where deceit,
And fraud, and circumvention, dress'd in smiles,
Hold shameful commerce, and beneath the
Of friendship and sincerity, betray. [mask
Him, nor the stately mansion's gilded pride,
Rich with whate'er the imitative arts,
Painting or sculpture, yield to charm the eye ;
Nor shining heaps of massy plate, unwrought
With curious, costly workmanship, allure.
Tempted nor with the pride nor pomp of
power,

Nor pageants of ambition, nor the mines
Of grasping avarice, nor the poison'd sweets
Of pamper'd luxury, he plants his foot
With firmness on his own paternal fields,
And stands unshaken. There sweet pro-
pects rise

Of meadows smiling in their flow'ry pride,
Green hills and dales, and cottages embow-
er'd,

The scenes of innocence, and calm delight,
There the wild melody of warbling birds,
And cool refreshing groves, and murmuring
springs,

Invite to sacred thought, and lift the mind
From low pursuits, to meditate the God !

On Dr. TAYLOR's being made Oculist
to their Majesties.

By the late Rev. Dr. DUNKIN.

THAT Fortune's blind, we plainly see,
Or he had never fix'd on thee
To serve the Royal Family.

Nor Mercury, although a God,
Could send so many with his rod
To darkness, and the land of Nod ;

As you have blinded through all nations,
By caustics, pills, and fumigations,
With other wicked preparations.

Enough to glut your bloody spleen,
Of subjects have your victims been,
And wo'nt you spare the King and Queen ?

" Hold, Sir," the bold impostor cries,
" Both Kings and Queens, however wise,
" Still see with other people's eyes."

THE MAN afflicted with the JAUNDICE.

A FABLE. Translated from the French.

WITH jaundic'd eye and yellow hue,
A man a garden went to view ;
Nor knew, when he the flow'rs survey'd,
The malady which on him prey'd.

" Look here, my friend, pray what dost
think

" Of this narcissus, that fine pink ?"

" A yellow pink !—(the sick man cries)

" Excites my wonder and surprize :

" It gives me pleasure and delight

" To gaze at such a wond'rous sight.

" But—this narcissus !—(strange, tho' true,

" Is of the self-same colour too."

His friend's astonishment is great,

To hear him talk at this strange rate.

" And pray what think you of this rose,

" Which blooms vermilion as it blows ?

" Or of this lilly blooming by,

" Whose dazzling whiteness strikes the eye ?

" You cannot disagree with me,

" In what thus plainly both may see ?"

He straightway answers—' On my word,

' That both are yellow, I accord :

' Nor can I fail t' admire the order

' Of all which blows in this same border,

' Where not a single flow'r is seen,

' Or white, or red, or pink, or green,—

' Acknowledge, therefore—be sincere—

' 'Tis yellow only blossoms here.'

Now, less astonish'd, he replies,

" The fact is clear :—let me advise—

" The doctor see, engage his skill,

" Believe me, friend, you're very ill."

Thus when the passions, spite of sense,

Have spread their baneful influence,

We're like the sick man, whose disease

Can vary every thing with ease ;

In different lights we all things view,

And even Nature alter too.

To the Editors of the Monthly Miscellany.

SIR,

MANY of your readers are well acquainted with the name of the late Rev. Mr. THOMAS BRADBURY. He shone greatly about the beginning of the present century, both as a wit and orator.—The following lines were composed by him, as I may say, extempore, and they have, I believe, never appeared in print. Should you think them worth printing in your Miscellany, they are at your service.—By way of introduction to them, your readers may be informed, that Dr. Wainwright, the person under mentioned, was a very eminent physician; he had been married many years without having a child, but at length, to his great joy, was blessed with a daughter. Mr. Bradbury, the first time he saw the Doctor, after this event, demanded *Beverage*, but the Doctor would have been excused, alledging, that considering his numerous acquaintance, he should find it too expensive, and might lay out all the money in *Beverage*, which would be requisite for the support and education of the child. To set aside this objection, Mr. Bradbury told him he would give him a Receipt *in full*. The consequence was, they adjourned to a neighbouring tavern, and the following lines dropped spontaneous from the pen:

A RECEIPT given by the Rev. Tho. Bradbury to Dr. Jeremiah Wainwright, upon his paying Beverage on the Birth of his first Child.

THIS is to certify all whom
It may concern, where'er it come,
This 21st day of October,
To keep the young demander sober,
The year I cannot bring at large in,
But it stands sneaking in the margin;
On that same day the Doctor's wife
Prepar'd to give forth a new life.
Just after eight o'clock in th' morning,
She gave the usual signs of warning,
That all the house might busy themselves
To call grave matrons and young damsels,
That some thro' skill, and some thro' hope,
Might help to bear the fuff'rer up.
Some few essays pass'd before dinner,
But still the party grew no thinner:
Meal time came on, with many a bit,
But the right *pudding-time* not yet;
'Till about four, as the folks deem all,
She gave the world a little female.

'Tis not my work, as you'll discern,
To write the praises of this *bairn*;
That is a job for some great poet,
That hath both head and heart to do it.
Its head will fill a caudle-cup,
Its body's roll'd and bundled up;
Its face (which will in time be winning)
Is stuck fast in a heap of linen.
But this is only skin and surface,
To the main point we'll therefore pass,
And write more fully to the purpose.

Be it known to ev'ry man that moves head,
That the year, month, and day above-said,
The Doctor fully paid his due
To three good honest men and true,
So that to clear him of this debt,
I have annexed a Receipt:

Receiv'd of Jeremiah Wainwright,
(I think I've hit the swining name right)
A moderate dose, as we could bear it,
Of right, good, elevating claret;
So that, to set things straight and plain,
I sign him this release in grain,
'Till *Hant on Celdre* comes again.

THO. BRADBURY.

On FREEDOM.

FREEDOM's charms alike engage
Blooming youth and hoary age;
Time itself can ne'er destroy
Freedom's pure and lasting joy:
Love and Friendship never gave
Half their blessings to the slave;
None are happy but the free,—
Bliss is born of Liberty.

On FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP is the joy of Reason,
Dearer far than that of Love;
Love but lasts a transient season,
Friendship makes the bliss above.
Who would lose the sacred pleasure
Felt, when soul with soul unites!
Other blessings have their measure,
Friendship without bound delights.

WHAT IS THAT TO YOU?

A favourite SCOTCH SONG.

MY Jeany and I have toil'd
The live-long summer's day,
'Till we were almost spoil'd,
At making of the hay.
Her kerchy was of holland clear,
Tied on her bonny brow,
I whisper'd something in her ear,
But, what is that to you?
Her stockings were of kerky green,
As tight as any silk;
O, sic a leg was never seen!
Her skin was white as milk;
Her hair was black as ane could wish,
And sweet sweet was her mou';
O, Jeany daintily nae kifs!
But, what is that to you?
The rose and lily baith combine
To make my Jeany fair;
There is nae benefon like mine,
I have amaist nae care;
But when another fwaiv, my dear,
Shall say, you're fair to view,
Let Jeany whisper in his ear,
"Pray, what is that to you?"

O 2

A

A MAN in LOVE.

[By Lady M. W. Montague.]

THE man who feels the dear disease
 Forgets himself, neglects to please;
 The crowd avoids, and seeks the groves;
 And much he thinks, when much he loves;
 Press'd with alternate hope and fear,
 Sighs in her absence, sighs when she is near.
 The gay, the fond, the fair, the young,
 Those trifles pass unseen along;
 To him a pert, insipid throng,
 But most he shuns the vain coquet;
 Contemns her false affected wit:
 The minstrel's sound, the flowing bowl,
 Oppress and hurt the am'rous soul;
 'Tis solitude alone can please,
 And give some intervals of ease:
 He feeds the soft distemper there,
 And fondly courts the distant fair;
 To balls the silent shade prefers,
 And hates all other charms but her's.
 When thus your absent swain can do,
 Molly, you may believe him true.

 THE BEAUTY OF WHITNEY.

Written in April, 1774.

WHO can go to Whitney, and not deign
 to call
 And look at the beauty of old *Staple Hall*?
 Where professors and students from Oxford
 repair,
 To gaze on her charms and her classical hair.
 When first I beheld her, surpriz'd I withdrew,
 For sure I'm too old for a beauty so new;
 Yet wherever I turn'd, still I found on each
 glass,
 Some scholar had scribbled a verse to this lass.
 How shall I prevail on so classic a theme,
 Or attempt, rapid I is, to flow with thy stream,
 When through the whole country there's yet
 scarce a wall,
 But shines to the beauty of old *Staple Hall*?
 Had Dan Chaucer beheld her, the primitive
 hard,
 Her charms had attracted the poet's regard;
 Nay Rosamond Clifford had peep'd from her
 bower,
 With envy, and star'd on this beautiful flower.
 Be gone all my fears—it is beauty that leads,
 And beauty will snatch from a hermit his
 beads;
 'Tis beauty's my star, and sweet Alcey's my
 strain, [swain,
 And I challenge each college to sing like her
 Of Hebe and Helen no more I'll be told,
 They can't be so handsome, because they're
 so old;
 She's fair as the blossom that's nurs'd by the
 sun, [undone,
 Which may ripen to fruit, or by blights be
 Can be the undone whom I venture to praise,
 The bloom of her race, and the pride of her
 days?
 At her frown, if she frowns, ev'ry satyr shall
 fall, [Hall
 While her smiles shall fix virtue at old *Staple*

Upon seeing Mr. TAYLOR's Pictures of BATH,
 and hearing a Connoisseur swear that "they
 were finely painted for a Gentleman."

[Written by D. GARRICK, Esq.]

TELL me the meaning, you who can,
 Of "finely painted for a gentleman?"
 Is Genius, rarest gift of heaven,
 To the *fin'd* Artist only given?
 Or, like the Catholic salvation,
 Paid in for any class or station?
 Is it bound 'prentice to the trade,
 Which works, and as it works, is paid?
 Is there no skill to build, invent,
 Unless inspir'd by five per Cent?
 And shalt thou, TAYLOR, paint in vain,
 Unless impell'd by hopes of gain?
 Be wise, my friend, and take thy fee,
 That *Claude Lorraine* may yield to thee.

A PIOUS REFLECTION.

*Ab Jove principium, Musæ: Jovis omnia plene;
 Ille colit Terras.*—

LET Epicures their giddy schemes advance,
 Religion scorn, and make a God of
 Chance;
 Let Fate, eternal, fill the Stoic's breast,
 That bane of pleasure, and of truth the pest;
 Let erring Sophists Providence deny;
 The wond'ring vulgar God's unnumber'd spy;
 Let Egypt's sons the crocodile adore,
 And artful priests delight in mystic lore;
 Let Western climes, a wild untutor'd race,
 Invoke the rising sun, with prostrate face;
 Let ancient Britons fancied rites devise,
 And paint their skins the colour of the skies;
 Let modern wittlings sceptic dreams invent,
 Abusing pow'r, for nobler purpose lent;
 I see a God confess'd in Nature's frame;
 A God of glory earth and heaven proclaim.
 Essence divine! A spirit wife and pure!
 His power unequal'd, and his promise sure.
 Infinite love throughout creation shines;
 Eternal mercy grav'd in sacred lines.
 I fear a God, who gave to Nature birth;
 Heav'd the huge mountains, stubborn ribs of
 earth;
 With pastures deck'd the humble vale below,
 And taught the Ocean where his waves should
 flow.
 The sportive lambs that dance on yonder hill,
 The drowsy murmurs of the falling rill,
 The milky herds, that rove along the plain,
 The scaly forms that gambol in the main,
 The fleecy clouds, that float the dapp'd sky,
 The feather'd swarms, that thro' the azure
 fly,
 Declare the Godhead to the list'ning ear,
 In flame my love, and raise my holy fear.
 Oh! may that power, of ev'ry pow'r supreme,
 Illume my footsteps with a heav'nly beam!
 Conduct me safe thro' life's uncertain day,
 And gild the evening with a glorious ray!
 Then will I praise him to my latest breath,
 And with his honours, when I sink in death;
 In future worlds the joyful theme pursue,
 And rise to rapture, when I wake anew.

ON GOOD HUMOUR.

[By the late Lord LYTTETTON.]

TELL me, ye sons of Phœbus, what is this
Which all admire, but few, too few
possess?

A virtue 'tis to ancient maids unknown,
And prudes, who spy all faults except their
own.

Love'd and defended by the brave and wife,
Tho' knaves abuse it, and like fools despise.
Say, Wyndham, if 'tis possible to tell,
What is the thing in which you most excell?
Hard is the question, for in all you please,
Yet sure good-nature is your noblest praise;
Secur'd by this your parts no envy move,
For none can envy him, whom all must love.
This magic pow'r can make e'en folly please.
This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,
And sweetens ev'ry charm in Cælia's face.

THE underwritten lines are copied from the
original Will of the late Nathaniel Lloyd,
Esq; who died a few weeks since at his
seat at Twickenham, in Middlesex.

WHAT I am going to bequeath,
When this frail part submits to death;
But still I hope the spark divine
With its congenial stars will shine:
My good executors, fulfil,
I pray ye, fairly, my last will,
With first and second codicil!

And first I give to dear Lord Hinton,
At Twyford school now, not at Winton,
One hundred guineas for a ring,
Or some such memorandum thing;
And truly much I should have blunder'd,
Had I not given another hundred
To Vere, Earl Poulet's second son,
Who dearly loves a little fun.

Unto my nephew, Robert Longdon,
Of whom none says he e'er has wrong done;
Tho' civil law he loves to huff,
I give two hundred pounds in cash.

One hundred pounds to my niece, Tuder,
(With loving eyes one Matthew view'd her)
And to her children, just among 'em,
A hundred more; and not to wrong 'em,
In equal shares I freely give it,
Not doubting but they will receive it.

To Sally Crouch, and Mary Lee,
If they with Lady Poulet be,
Because they round the year did dwell
In Twick'nham-house, and serv'd full well,
When Lord and Lady both did stray
Over the hills and far away;
The first ten pounds, the other twenty;
And, girls, I hope that will content ye.

In seventeen hundred sixty-nine,
This with my hand I write and sign;
The sixteenth day of fair October,
In merry mood, but sound and sober;
Past my threescore and fifteenth year,
With spirits gay and conscience clear,

Joyous and frolicksome, tho' old,
And like this day, serene but cold.
To foes well wishing, and to friends most
kind,
In perfect charity with all mankind.

ON HAPPINESS.

OU Happiness! where's thy resort?
Amidst the splendor of a court!
Or dost thou more delight to dwell
With humble hermit in his cell,
In search of truth? Or dost thou rove
Thro' Plato's academic grove?
Or else, with Epicurus gay,
Laugh at the farces mortals play?
Or with the Graces, dost thou lead
The sportive dance along the mead?
Or in Bellona's bloody car,
Exult amidst the scenes of war?
No more I'll search, no more I'll mind thee,
Fair fugitive;—I cannot find thee!

A SONG.

WHILE beauty and pleasure are now in
their prime,
And folly and fashion expect our whole time,
Ah! let not these phantoms our wishes en-
rage, [age,
Let us live so in youth that we blush not in
Tho' the vain and the gay may attend us a
while, [guile,
Yet let not their flattery our prudence be-
Let us covet those charms that will never
decay,
Nor listen to all that deceivers can say.
How the tints of the rose, and the jasmine's
perfume, [bloom,
The eglantine's fragrance, the lilac's gay
Tho' fair, and tho' fragrant, unheeded may lie,
For that neither is sweet when Florella is by.
I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth,
But grant me, kind Providence, virtue and
health;
Then richer than kings, and as happy as they,
My days shall pass sweetly and swiftly away.
When age shall steal on me, and youth is no
more, [my door,
And the moralist, Time, shakes his glass at
What charm in lost beauty or wealth shall I
find, [mind,
My treasure, my wealth, is a sweet peace of
That peace I'll preserve, then, as free as 'twas
giv'n,
And taste in my bosom an earnest of heav'n;
For virtue and wisdom can warm the cold
scent,
And sixty may flourish as gay as sixteen.
And when long I the burthen of life shall
have borne, [corn,
And death, with his sickle, shall cut the ripe
Resign'd to my fate, without murmur or sigh,
I'll bless the kind summons, and lie down
and die.

Marriages, Deaths, Preferments, Prices of Corn, Stocks, &c.

MARRIED.

THE Right Hon. Lord Viscount Grimston, to Miss Walter, only daughter of Edward Walter, Esq; of Stalbridge in Dorsetshire, and member for Milbourn Port, Somerset.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Carrick, to Miss Taylor, daughter of Edward Taylor, Esq; late of Askeating in Ireland.

Thomas Wharton, Esq; commissioner of excise, in Scotland, to the Right Hon. Lady Sophia Duff, sister to the Earl of Fife.

Sir John Fielding, Knight, to Miss Sedgley, of Brompton.

Thomas Fletcher, Esq; of Monmouth, to Miss Graves, daughter of the late Morgan Graves, Esq; of Mickleton, Gloucestershire.

The Rev. Mr. Henry Vaughan, vicar of Devenock, to Miss Parry, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Gregory Parry, of Llandeialog in Breconshire.

Arthur Owen, Esq; captain of a company in the 3d regiment of guards, and second son of Sir William Owen, of Orleton, Bart. to Miss Thurstby, daughter of the late John Hervey Thurstby, Esq; of Abington in Northamptonshire.

James Dutton, Esq; eldest son of James Lennox Dutton, of Shireborne in Gloucestershire, Esq; to Miss Elizabeth Coke, youngest daughter of Wenman Coke, Esq; member for Derby.

At Shireoaks in Nottinghamshire, **** Foljambe, Esq; of Aldwick in Yorkshire, to Miss Mary Thornhagh, daughter of John Hewet, Esq; member for Nottinghamshire, and niece to Sir George Savile, with a fortune of 70,000*l*.

At Bromyard in Herefordshire, Mr. Samuel Perkins, aged 80, to Miss Esther Perkins, aged 20.

At the Quaker's meeting-house in Alton, Charles Heath, of Andover, an eminent brewer, to Elizabeth Blofe, of Alton.

Mr. Fugion, of the Bank, to Miss Sparholt, of Southampton.

William Hufsey, Esq; of King-street, St. James's, brother to Lord Beaulieu, to Miss Byrne, daughter of Alderman Byrne, of Dublin.

The Rev. Mr. Steward, chaplain of Romford in Essex, to Miss Elizabeth Meredith, daughter of Richard Meredith, Esq.

James Clayton, Esq; late of Chichester in Sussex, to Miss Penn, only daughter of the late Hon. Richard Penn, Esq; one of the proprietors of Pennsylvania, and sister to the Hon. John Penn, Esq; one of the present proprietors, a lady of great merit, with a fortune of 30,000*l*.

William Hasel, Esq; eldest son of Edward Hasel, Esq; of Dalemain, in Cumberland, to Miss Gasketh, of Penrith.

At Rosebank, near Port-Glasgow, Dr. James Carmichael, to Miss Elcanora Ross.

At Barnwood near Gloucester, the Rev. Mr. Jones, minister of Norton, to Miss Heveningham.

Dr. James Williamson, professor of mathematics at Glasgow, to Miss Kitty Sutherland, daughter of the late John Sutherland, Esq; of Forfe.

The Rev. Mr. Bowden, rector of Cuxham, to Miss Goodenough, of Carlwell, Berks.

The Rev. Mr. Bowen, fellow of St. John's college, Oxford, to Miss Conway, daughter of Michael Wilkins Conway, Esq; deputy-master of the Trinity-house.

Capt. Smith, of the Houghton East-India-man, to Miss Sarah Summer, daughter of the late Provost of King's-College, Cambridge.

Capt. Ross, of the 20th regiment, to Miss Wharton, of Hackney.

At Chilworth in Suffolk, Lieut. Col. Ainslie, of Elliot's light dragoons, to Miss Ann Sharpe, second daughter of Samuel Sharpe, Esq; of Bath.

At Malmesbury Abbey, Mr. Wm. Chamberlain, one of the burgesses of that town, to Mrs. Reeves. Their ages together make upwards of 152.

Mr. John Cridland, attorney, to Miss Wright, of Melverton, Somerset.

Dr. Wright, one of the physicians of the Bristol Infirmary, to Miss Ames, daughter of Mr. Ames, an alderman of that city.

At Headley Park, Hants, Walter Blunt, Esq; brother of Sir Charles Blunt, Bart. to Miss Gatehouse, only daughter of Sir Thomas Gatehouse.

Mr. Collins, clothier, of Witney, Oxon, to Mrs. Betty Collins, relict of the late Mr. Richard Collins, attorney, of Bath.

John Dutton Colt, Esq; of Leominster, to Miss Langley.

At the Quaker's meeting, Mr. Tucker, haberdasher, to Miss Champion, sister to Mr. Richard Champion, merchant, of Bristol.

DIED.

At Holland house, near Kensington, the Right Hon. Caroline, Lady Holland, Lady of the late Lord Holland. She was created Baroness Holland, in her own right May 6, 1762.

The Right Hon. Percy Wyndham O'Brien, Earl of Thomond in Ireland, Knight of the most noble order of the garter, and member for Winchelsea. He was second son of the late well known Sir William Wyndham, Bart. and uncle to the present Earl of Egremont. His Lordship's title is extinct.

At Scarborough, the Right Hon. John Lord Monson, a Baronet, L. L. D. and a vice president of the Lock hospital. He is succeeded in title and estate by his son, now abroad.

At the German Spa, Edward Hugh Boscawen, Esq; son of the late Admiral, nephew to Lord Falmouth, brother-in-law to the Duke of Beaufort, and member for Truro in Cornwall.

At his seat in Somersetshire, Edward Berkeley, Esq; a near relation to the late Lord Berkeley. By his death an estate of near 1000*l*. a year devolves to the Lady of Mr. Baron Burland.

At his brother's house in Bristol, George Weston, Esq; of Berkeley in Gloucestershire. The Rev. Mr. Walker, many years master of the Grammar school at Eaglescliff in Yorkshire.

In his 98th year, Wm. Cogan, Esq; an alderman of Hull.

In the Fleet prison, Lieut. Gen. Gansell, of the 55th regiment of foot.

&c.
 of St. John's
 nway, daughter
 y, Esq; deputy-
 on East-India-
 er, daughter of
 College, Cam-
 giment, to Miss
 ut. Col. Ainslie,
 to Miss Ann
 Samuel Sharpe,
 Wm. Chamber-
 of that town, to
 together make
 to Miss Wright,
 ans of the Brif-
 es, daughter of
 that city.
 alter Blunt, Esq;
 t, Bart, to Miss
 of Sir Thomas
 tney, Oxon, to
 of the late Mr.
 of Bath.
 Leominster, to
 r. Tucker, ha-
 on, fitter to Mr.
 ant, of Bristol.
 enington, the
 y Holland, Lady
 She was created
 own right May
 ndham O'Brien,
 and, Knight of
 the garter, and
 He was second
 wn Sir William
 to the present
 Lordship's title
 Hon. John Lord
 D. and a vice
 ital. He is suc-
 by his son, now
 Hugh Boscawen,
 niral, nephew to
 -law to the Duke
 er for Truro in
 Edward Berkeley,
 late Lord Berke-
 of near 1000.
 dy of Mr. Baron
 Bristol, George
 in Gloucestershire,
 y years master of
 Eaglecliff in
 n, Esq; an alder-
 Gen. Ganfell, of

In the Rules of the King's Bench, Mr. Tho.
 Percifall, who had been more than 30 years
 a prisoner there at the suit of the Crown.
 At Chelmsford, Nathaniel Rogers, Esq.
 In Upper Grosvenor-street, Cha. Field, Esq.
 Aged 65, at his country seat near Liverpool,
 John Knight, Esq.
 James Golding, D. D. of the University of
 Dublin.
 Charles Wade, Esq; deputy comptroller of
 the Custom-house.
 Mr. Carter, banker, opposite the Mansion-
 house.
 The Hon. Sampson Wood, Esq; of Barbadoes.
 Sir Henry Banks, an alderman of London.
 Capt. George Haley, of the 1st reg. of foot.
 Capt. Smithson, of the Britannia, in the
 African trade.
 Mr. Samuel Hefse, a West-India merchant.
 Mr. H. Jones, surgeon, of Bradford, Wilts.
 Suddenly, at the preaching-house in Leeds,
 in the 67th year of his age, John Nelson, a
 preacher among the people called methodists.
 Henry Williams, Esq; one of his Majesty's
 justices of the peace for Radnorshire.
 At Beverley, aged 74, Colonel Legard.
 In Staples Inn, Charles Beaumont, Esq.
 James Matthews, Esq; of Walthamstow, late
 an eminent Turkey merchant.
 In the 82d year of his age, Robert Nettleton,
 Esq; governor of the Russia company.
 On his return from the Hot Wells, Mr. Joseph
 Furnell, cheese-factor, of Newbury.
 At Cattle-Combe, Wilts, Mrs. Scrope, relict
 of the late Gorges Scrope, Esq.
 Of a paralytic stroke, Miss Sarah Farley, of
 Bristol, who for many years conducted, with
 great credit, one of the Bristol Journals.
 The Lady of Captain Dumarcq, of South-
 ampton.
 At Overton, Wilts, Oliver Calley, Esq.
 Mr. Sutton, an eminent clothier of Devizes.
 At Bath, Cornelius Norton, Esq; late of
 Wallingford, Berks.
 At Sherborne, in his 82d year, John Hut-
 chins, Esq; many years one of his Majesty's
 justices of the peace for Dorsetshire.
 Rev. Mr. Heaton, rector of Minchinhampton
 in Gloucestershire.
 The Rev. Mr. Langdon, vicar of Mudford,
 Somerset.
 At Bearton, Bucks, Mrs. Esther Stanton,
 lacewoman, who acquired about 1200l. in
 trade, which she left among the poor peo-
 ple who worked for her.
 At Greenwich hospital, Lieut. George Grant,
 in the 75th year of his age.
 At Boulogne in France, Edmund Bull, Esq.
 Suddenly, the Rev. Mr. Hill, rector of Wef-
 ton under Pennyard in Herefordshire.
 John Harvey, Esq; at his seat at Horkeley in
 Essex.
 At Edinburgh, Wm. Mackenzie, of Balma-
 duthy, Esq; advocate, one of the commis-
 saries of Edinburgh, and sheriff of Rosshire.
 Richard Lloyd, Esq; sealer to the Court of
 Chancery.
 Suddenly, in the 63d year of his age, at his
 seat at Maperton in Dorset, Richard Bro-
 derip, Esq; one of his Majesty's Justices of
 the Peace for that county.
 At Dunstable in Bedfordshire, Mrs. Prudence
 Hudson, aged 107, the spun for her living,
 and expired at her wheel.

At Swainfwick, in his 71st year, John Gun-
 ning, Esq.
 The Rev. Mr. Morgan Powell, vicar of West
 Batham, &c. in Norfolk. He preached
 twice on the day preceding his death.
 In the 74th year of his age, William Moody,
 Esq; of Wilton, near Salisbury.
 The Rev. Mr. Ewings, rector of Feniton in
 Devonshire.
 George Riddell, A. B. of Trinity college,
 Cambridge.
 William Kelynge, Esq; one of his Majesty's
 justices for Middlesex.
 Henry Shepherd, Esq; formerly a captain in
 the dragoon guards.
 Aged 58, Mr. Joshua Jenour, printer of the
 Daily Advertiser.
 Mr. Whittlebury, lately arrived from Phila-
 delphia, one of the people called quakers,
 and an eminent speaker in that persuasion.
 By a fall from his horse, Lieut. Col. Peter
 Campbell, of the 25th regiment of foot.
 At Newcastle, the Rev. F. Chalmers, D. D.
 George Green, Esq; aged 70, formerly a so-
 licitor of great practice in Clement's Inn.
 The Rev. Mr. Gough, vicar of Thorpe
 in Essex.
 At Mildenhall in Suffolk, the Rev. James
 Ralph, A. M. rector of Fitz in Shropshire.
 At Hemenhall in Norfolk, aged 78, the Rev.
 Joseph Parsons, M. A. 50 years vicar of that
 parish, and 49 years vicar of Beddingham.
 The Rev. Samuel Smyther, late of North
 Petherton in Somersetshire.
 At his seat at Dorthill in Shropshire, Brook
 Forester, Esq.
 At Arbury, near Coventry, Sophia, the Lady
 of Sir Roger Newdigate, Bart.
 At his seat at Rhwlefs in Merionethshire,
 William Price, Esq; who employed a life
 extended to 85 years, in the constant exer-
 cise of charity, benevolence, and hospitality.
 The Right Hon. the Lady Napier, at Lord
 Napier's house in the abbey of Holyrood-
 house in Edinburgh.
 In the 86th year of his age, George Daubeny,
 Esq; of Caudel-Bishop in Dorsetshire, who
 was high sheriff for that county in 1729.
 Sampson Furnall, Esq; a West-India mer-
 chant, in Great St. Helen's, formerly a
 member of the assembly-house at Barbadoes.
 Mr. John Carpenter, postmaster, and senior
 alderman of Launceston.
ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.
 The Rev. Mr. Allanfon, to a prebend in the
 Collegiate church of Ripon.
 Rev. Mr. Wall, to the rectory of St. Marga-
 ret's in Canterbury.
 Rev. Benjamin Blayney, B. D. to the rectory
 of Brinkworth in Wilts, vacant by the
 death of the late Rev. Mr. James Sparrow.
 Rev. Mr. Story, to the living of St. Michael
 Coffaly in Norwich, and Great Melton,
 near that city.
 Rev. Mr. Whitley Heald, to the rectory of
 Northrepps in Norfolk.
 Rev. William Nelson, to the rectory of Hel-
 gay in Norfolk.
 Rev. Wm. Hopkins, to the rectory of Fittes,
 otherwise Fitz in Shropshire.
 Rev. Mr. Athby, B. D. and F. S. A. presi-
 dent of St. John's college, Cambridge, to
 the rectory of Barrow in Suffolk.

Rev. Mr. Warren, M. A. to the rectory of Romney in Kent.

Rev. George Marriott, to the rectory of Alphonhampton in Essex.

Rev. Mr. Portal, M. A. vicar of St. Helen's in Abingdon, to be head master of Roy's free grammar school there.

Rev. Andrew Grant, to the rectory of Troton in Suffolk.

Rev. Mr. Deacon, minor canon of Durham, to the rectory of Fordwick in Kent.

Rev. William Billingham, to the vicarage of Wenhampton in Suffolk.

Rev. Robert Campbell, M. A. to the vicarage of Much Marcle in Herefordshire.

Richard Palmer, Clerk, B. A. to the vicarage of Wigmore in Herefordshire.

Rev. Samuel Dennis, president of St. John's college, Oxford, to the degree of Doctor in Divinity.

Rev. Mr. Fletcher, of Caulk, to the valuable rectory of Breadfall in Derbyshire.

Rev. Wm. Oldham, to the vicarage of Bungal Trinity in Suffolk.

Rev. James Parsons, to the rectory of Larling, otherwise Larlingford in Norfolk.

Rev. Mr. Morgan, curate to the late Rev. Mr. Tindall, to the living of Chelmsford in Essex.

Cambridge, July 8. Tuesday last being Commencement-day, the following gentlemen were created in the several degrees hereafter mentioned:

Doctors in Divinity, 6. Dr. Gould, of Bene't-college, Dr. Bickham, of Emanuel, Dr. Woolaston, of Queen's college, Dr. Marriott, of Pembroke-hall, Dr. Wigley, of Christ college, and Dr. Reycraft, of Catharine-hall.

Doctor of Physic, 1. Dr. Rawlinson, of Queen's college.

Bachelors in Divinity, 8. Messrs. Ferris, Shepherd, Beresford, and Hutton, of St. John's college; Mr. Gould, of Clare-hall; and Mr. Yates, of Catharine-hall.

Colonel Fanning, of New York, to the honorary degree of LL. D.; and Mr. William Eustice, A. M. and Mr. George Osbaldiston, A. M. of St. John's college, ad eundem, in the University of Oxford.

CIVIL AND MILITARY PROMOTIONS.

George Hayley, Esq; to be Alderman of Cordwainer's ward.

Capt. Edward Foy, of the Artillery, to be lieutenant governor of New Hampshire in America.

Inkilling reg. dragoons, Lieutenant George Bernard, captain. Thomas Gore, lieutenant. John Baker, cornet.

1st reg. foot, ad battalion, John Hill, major.

1st reg. foot, **** Roberts, ensign.

2d reg. foot, Alexander Rigby, lieutenant-colonel, Edmund Robinson, major. Wm. Price, capt. lieutenant. Joseph Stringer, lieutenant. **** Agnew, ensign.

2d reg. foot, Sewel Maunell, lieutenant. James Douglas, ensign.

3d reg. foot, James Riggs, ensign.

Surgeon's Mate Andrew Anderson, to be surgeon to the hospital at Dominica, vice John Boon, who returns to half-pay.

John Lupton, jun. Esq; to be a groom of his Majesty's privy-chamber.

From the London Gazette, July 30.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN

From July 13, to July 23, 1774.

By the Standard Winchester Bushel of 8 Gall.

Wheat. Rye. Barley. Oats. Beans.

s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d.

London 6 2 3 6 3 4 2 3 3 4

COUNTIES INLAND.

Middlesex 7 0 3 6 2 8 3 10

Surry 6 11 3 4 2 7 4 6

Hertford 7 4 3 10 2 6 4 3

Bedford 7 5 4 2 3 11 2 6 4 0

Cambridge 6 3 3 1 2 3 3 0

Huntingdon 6 11 3 5 2 4 3 9

Northampton 7 7 5 2 4 0 2 4 4 0

Rutland 7 3 4 9 2 4 4 0

Leicester 7 8 5 4 4 2 5 4 1

Nottingham 7 0 5 0 4 6 2 5 4 3

Derby 7 10 2 9 4 4 7

Stafford 7 7 5 4 2 9 4 7

Salop 7 7 6 0 4 1 2 8 5 4

Hereford 7 6 2 11

Worcester 8 0 5 4 5 2 3 0 4 8

Warwick 7 2 2 7 4 11

Glocester 7 4 2 4 4 8

Wiltshire 7 1 3 1 2 5 4 7

Berks 6 10 3 5 2 6 3 9

Oxford 7 5 3 8 2 7 4 2

Bucks 7 3 4 0 2 10 4 1

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex 6 5 3 6 3 5 2 4 3 6

Suffolk 6 1 3 0 3 5 2 4 3 2

Norfolk 6 2 2 10 2 4 3 1

Lincoln 6 10 4 1 3 9 2 3 8

York 7 2 5 4 2 6 3 8

Durham 6 9 4 6 3 4 2 8 4 1

Northumb. 6 1 4 2 3 2 4 3 9

Cumberland 7 3 4 8 2 2 9 4 8

Westmore. 3 3 5 3 4 2 9 3 9

Lancashire 7 9 3 3 2 6 4 2

Cheshire 8 0 6 1 4 11 2 9

Monmouth 7 8 4 4 2 6 4 0

Somerset 7 2 4 2 3 4

Devon 6 5 3 1 1 9

Cornwall 6 6 3 4 1 11

Dorset 6 10 3 0 2 4 4 7

Hampshire 6 5 3 2 4 4 0

Suffex 6 0 2 10 2 3 3 6

Kent 6 5 3 9 2 3 3 2

From July 11, to July 16, 1774.

W A L E S.

North Wales 6 7 5 1 4 1 2 0 4 3

South Wales 6 5 5 1 3 6 1 9 1 3

Part of SCOTLAND.

Wheat. Rye. Barley. Oats. Beans. Big.

5 8 3 9 12 10 2 5 3 2 12 5

Published by Authority of Parliament.

W. COOKE.

PRICE OF STOCKS, Aug. 9.

Bank stock, 143 $\frac{1}{2}$. 4 per cent. conf. 52 $\frac{1}{2}$.

3 1-half per cent. 175 $\frac{1}{2}$, 80 $\frac{1}{2}$. 3 per cent.

conf. 83 $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto red. 88 $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto 172 $\frac{1}{2}$.

— Long Ann. 25 $\frac{1}{2}$. South Sea stock, —.

3 per cent. old ann. 87 $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto new ann. 86 $\frac{1}{2}$.

3. Ditto ann. 81 $\frac{1}{2}$. India stock, 142 $\frac{1}{2}$. India

Bonds, 52 a 53 prem. Navy bills, $\frac{1}{2}$ disc.

Tickets, 191. os. od.

BRANSCOMBE and Co. Stock-Brokers,

at their Lottery-Office, No. 5, Holborn.